

THE
SEWANEE REVIEW.

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF LITERARY STUDIES.

VOL. VI.]

JULY, 1898.

[No. 3.]

THE ROMAN ELEGY.

THE elegiac couplet was used by Ennius and Lucilius for epigrams and satires; but to Catullus, the real father of Roman lyrical poetry, must be given the credit of first making effective use of it in truly personal verse.¹ The great successor and imitator of Sappho did not, however, bring it to such perfection as he attained in more strictly lyrical measures, and his distinguished follower, Horace, was both as a critic and as a poet averse to its use. Virgil chose for his part rather to perfect the hexameter, so that the development both of the elegiac couplet and of true elegiac poetry was left to a body of younger men who have since been known as the Roman elegists *par excellence*, Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

There were plain reasons why Catullus and Horace should not devote themselves to elegiac poetry. The nature of Catullus was too intense and passionate to be satisfied long with anything less than the most direct and vehement forms of melic poetry. He could, it is true, admire the Alexandrian elegists, especially Callimachus, whose "Lock of Berenice" he probably translated as we have seen, and he

¹ Sellar remarks that the elegiac couplet was used by Q. Catulus and Valerius Ædituus early in the first century B.C., for "short erotic pieces," possibly in the vein of Meleager and the other contemporary Greek anthologists. ("Horace and the Elegiac Poets," p. 206.) Throughout this paper I rely largely on this admirable book.

certainly was much influenced by them, as M. Lafaye and other scholars have pointed out. Nevertheless his affinities were with the melic bards of early Greece rather than with the decadents of the court of the Ptolemies. Horace, on the other hand, had too much irony and humor in his composition either to write elegies or to tolerate them, and his genuine lyrical faculty (often underestimated) sent him back, like Catullus, to Sappho and Alcæus. Indeed, he had so little sympathy with the elegies his young countrymen were writing, in imitation of the Alexandrians, that he actually called the elegiac couplet *exiguus*, "trifling," and limited its functions to "the expression of sorrow and to inscriptions on votive offerings." ("Ars Poet.," 75.) And yet both he and Catullus could, on occasion, compose tender and touching lyrics of grief. Horace's lament for Quintilius, beginning "*Quis desiderio*" (Carm., I., xxiv.) is exquisitely elegiac, and that he could strike chords proper to the love elegy is plain to any reader of the lovely "*Eheu fugaces.*" (Carm., II., xiv.)¹ So, too, Catullus' brief poem on his brother's death (ci.) (his lines on the fate of Lesbia's sparrow have rather the intensity of the true ode than the pensive melancholy of the elegy) will live forever in the hearts of men:

Atque in perpetuom, frater, ave atque vale.

Certainly Cicero's idea that the verses of Euphorion had corrupted the younger contemporaries of Catullus was not true with regard to the master himself. There was nothing effeminate about Catullus' passions, whether of love or hate, and although he could admire the "Lock of Berenice," he could also appreciate to the full the glory of Sappho. It was the disciple of Sappho rather than of Callimachus that thus lamented his brother: "Borne through many peoples and over many seas, O brother, I come to these sad funeral rites of thine, in order to bestow upon thee the last

¹The beautiful ode to Valgius (Carm., II., ix.) on the loss of Mystes, is rather to be regarded as a bit of sensible advice given to an elegiac poet who was sighing himself away, than as a consolation ode proper, whether it be addressed to Tibullus or not. (Cf. Carm., I., xxxi.)

gifts belonging to the dead, and to apostrophize in vain thy silent ashes; since fortune has taken thee, even thee, away from me, O wretched brother, cruelly ravished away. . . . Now, nevertheless, do thou accept these sad funeral gifts, prescribed by primitive ancestral custom, well watered as they are by fraternal tears, and forever, O brother, hail and farewell!"

But, if the natures of Catullus and Horace were unpropitious to the cultivation of the elegiac Muse, that of the tender Virgil would seem to have been peculiarly apt. Yet we have hardly anything of his in the elegiac couplet, while only two pastoral elegies and a few pathetic lines in the "Æneid" warrant us in including his great name in our catalogue of the elegiac bards. The fact seems to be that just as Horace and Catullus were engaged in bringing to perfection the strictly lyrical measures, and just as Tibullus was soon to perform a similar service for the elegiac couplet, so Virgil bent his genius to the perfecting of the hexameter and to the development of idyllic and epic poetry. Like Catullus, he looked back both to the Alexandrians and to the bards of the elder Greece; but the poets whom he revered were Theocritus, Hesiod, and Homer. He could not escape the artificiality of imitation, but he could escape that of hybridism. Hence his elegies were of the Theocritean, not the Philetan, type, and hence it is that traces of their influence can be found in the work of no less a poet than Milton.

The two pastoral elegies of Virgil are the fifth and tenth of his Eclogues, entitled respectively "Daphnis" and "Gallus." That on Daphnis, while modeled on the first Idyl of Theocritus, is so unelaborate as hardly to require notice. That on Gallus, the elegiac poet, varies the Theocritean type in that there is only a single speaker and no refrain. (Cf. "Lycidas.") The source of Virgil's inspiration is, however, plain enough from these lines:

What groves, or what meadows held you, O maiden Naiades, when Gallus perished through cruel love; for neither did the ridges of Parnassus cause you delay, nor any of Pindus, nor did Aonian Aganippe. (X., 9-12.)

In the verses which describe Apollo as coming and asking, "Gallus, what hath maddened thee?" we have an even more palpable imitation of Theocritus, and as we have already described the Alexandrian pastorals at length, we can afford to say no more even about a poet so ever memorable for his style as Virgil. We must, however, recall at least one passage of the "*Æneid*" (VI., 883-884), the famous lines on Marcellus:

"Alas! thou youth to be lamented; if in any way thou burst the cruel bonds of fate, thou wilt be Marcellus. Give lilies with full hands."¹

We may now pass from the seminaturalization of the Alexandrian pastoral—Virgil seems not to have been imitated as a pastoral poet until the time of Nero by Calpurnius and a few others—to the full naturalization of the Alexandrian elegy. There was reason for the success of this latter naturalization. As in Alexandria with relation to classic Greece, so in Augustan Rome, material civilization and culture and luxury had superseded the pristine simplicity and virtue that had made the city eternal. A tyrant—disguised, it is true, but still a tyrant—had come, and men were cut off from political activity. They betook themselves to intrigues and debaucheries. The camp was exchanged for the boudoir, the laurel for the rose-leaf. Nearly every noted man had his mistress, who was too frequently the wife of another. Gallantry was the business of the hour, and gallantry and amatory poetry have always gone hand in hand. If the Roman gentleman of worth and breeding did not write a woful ballad on his mistress' eyebrow, he could, nevertheless, address her a woful elegy when he found, as was nearly always the case, that he did not share her favors alone. In a court at which the emperor's own daughter outvied in her shamelessness that Lesbia of whom Catullus complained that

Nunc in quadrivis et angiportis
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes,

the "Amores" and the "Ars Amandi" were likely to be favorite reading.

¹ Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata apera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis —.

The soil being ready then for the growth of amatory poetry, and the Alexandrian love elegists having become fully known to the literary world of Rome, it is no wonder that a school of typical elegists was not long in making its appearance. The Alexandrians following Antimachus had often celebrated a real or supposititious passion with all the affectations of learning and the refinements of art; the Roman *jeunesse dorée* could furnish passions by the wholesale, and a few of its best representatives could supply in addition the necessary culture and poetical inspiration. Of the contemporaries of Catullus, not a few able men wrote more or less wanton verses, Ticida, Memmius, Cinna, Anser, Cornificius, Varro Attacinus (who wrote of his mistress Leucadia), and the rest, of whom Ovid speaks with some contempt. ("Tristia," II., 429 *f.*) Their verses have perished save a few fragments, and this is likewise true of the poems of the orator Licinius Calvus, who seems to have written a genuine elegy on the premature death of a certain Quintilia. All these poets doubtless imitated the Alexandrians more or less, but they were in all likelihood coarser than their models. It remained for four younger men to rival, probably to surpass, Philetas, Callimachus, and Hermesianax in grace and elegance of sentiment and expression; and of these four, fortune has been kind to the work of three.

Our typical Roman elegists (Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid) were all young men of good family and decent means. They had no political or military ambition, they were above business, they did not care to use their poetic powers as Virgil and Horace had done to glorify the new régime; they wanted to enjoy their love affairs and write tender poetry, and they did both. Their art was subjective, the minister of their pleasures. Epics, tragedies, even satires were foreign to their tastes and powers, and they were true if not supreme artists, in that they recognized their own limitations. Perhaps, too, now that women had gained their freedom, and formed a large part of the reading circles, they were worldly-wise in their choice of theme and method.¹

¹ This and the following paragraph are based entirely on Sellar.

With regard now to the chief aim of the new poetry, we are bound to agree with Professor Sellar that it was "to act on the tender emotions by the luxurious softness of its melody, or to quicken the spirit of gaiety by its brilliance and vivacity." It was able to assimilate all the improvements in diction and rhythm wrought by the older poets and to add graces of its own. "The result is, with Ovid and Tibullus, the most popular representatives of the Roman elegy, a facility, a lucidity of language, an unimpeded smoothness of rhythm, and, in the case of Ovid, a rapidity of movement, unequaled in any other branch of Roman poetry. The aim of the art of Tibullus and Ovid is to produce as little sense of effort as possible. Propertius, indeed, has imparted a different movement to his verse, suited to the deeper, more powerful, and more turbid movement of his own feelings, and the more thoughtful workmanship and recondite suggestiveness of his imagination. But his style is exceptional and peculiar to himself. The true character assumed by the Latin elegy, in ancient times and in its modern imitations, is the liquid smoothness of Tibullus or the buoyant and sparkling rapidity of Ovid."

Now all this is admirably put, and I should not be presumptuous enough to gainsay a word of it, yet there is an important point in connection with these poets which, while it did not escape Professor Sellar's attention, has not, I think, been treated by him in an entirely satisfactory manner. Propertius opens the first elegy of his fourth book with the following verses, in which he makes a distinct claim that must be reckoned with: "O shade of Callimachus and sacred rites of Coan Philetas, suffer me, I pray, to enter into your grove. I am the first priest entering to introduce Italian mystic rites, drawn from a pure source, among the Greek choruses."

In other words, Propertius claims that he is the first Roman who really wrote elegies like the Alexandrians. Now this can hardly mean, as has been held, that he was merely the first professed imitator of the Alexandrians. Such a claim, even in view of Catullus alone, would have exposed

Propertius to laughter. The inspiration of all the other elegists was plainly Alexandrian, and whether they confessed the fact or not was a small matter. But if Propertius meant, as he probably did, that he was the first Roman that had written elegies in strict accordance with Alexandrian canons, he made an important claim that warrants consideration. Was it a mere boast or was it based on fact? I am inclined to think that Propertius spoke nothing but the literal truth.

He was in all probability the first Roman to undertake to fuse elegy and ode as the Alexandrians had done, the first to make full and copious use of mythology and legend in order to introduce the epic notes so frequently struck by his models. With regard to the latter point one has but to compare a few elegies of Tibullus with an equal number of Propertius in order to see how much more mythology and legend enter into the warp and woof of the latter poet's work than into that of the former. A similar comparison will show that one could hardly at any time long believe that Tibullus was writing an ode instead of a plaintive elegy, while such a mistake might constantly be made with regard to Propertius. If this contention be well taken, it is obvious, not only that Propertius was justified in his claim to be the first Roman priest to enter the Alexandrian grove but that many of the peculiarities of his style that have given critics grave concern are readily explained. Turgidity and reconditeness were almost necessary accompaniments of a successfully imitated Alexandrian style, nor need we consider Propertius less of a genius for having subjected himself so strictly to foreign domination. The elegy of Philetas and Callimachus, though a hybrid, tempted any poet with a glittering prize—the wreath of Pindar. We know now that hybrid art is attended with insuperable dangers, and Horace himself pointed out the folly of endeavoring to imitate the greatest of the ancient lyrists; but imitation was in the air, and Propertius' powerful nature probably made him feel that it would be better to err with Callimachus in keeping Pindar in sight.

than to shine with Tibullus in lamenting tenderly the infidelities of a fickle mistress.¹

It is time, however, to say something about the elegists themselves, and to discuss their work more in detail. At the very outset of the inquiry our knowledge of literary conditions at Rome naturally makes us look for the man who played a part for them similar to that played by Mæcenas for Horace and Virgil. Mæcenas had been Augustus' friend, and hence the poetry of Horace and Virgil had sought to develop a new patriotism in the interest of the emperor. We should suspect that the patron of the younger poets would be a man not in full touch with the new régime. And so it was; for Messalla, the friend of Tibullus and Ovid, held somewhat aloof from the empire.² He was a gifted man in every way, a patriot, yet trusted and employed by the emperor, whom, however, he never flattered. His house was a resort of poets and scholars, and that it was free the love story of his niece, Sulpicia, plainly proves—herself a poetess whose love elegies for Cerinthus have come down to us.³

Probably the earliest of our individual elegists, Cornelius Gallus, did not need a patron for his verses, although he certainly needed one of another sort later in his career. He was born in 69 B.C., was much distinguished as a soldier under Augustus, being made first Prefect of Egypt, but finally he fell into disgrace and committed suicide in 26 B.C.

¹ It is perfectly true, as Sellar observes, that we have very little of the Alexandrian elegiac poetry extant, and that hence our inferences are liable to be erroneous. But from the fragments remaining, from references in the works of other authors, from the translation of the "Coma Berenices," and from Propertius' own works, if we assume him to have been telling the truth in Elegy IV., i., we can certainly gather a good deal of information not easily to be shaken. Sellar's point, by the way, that Propertius probably imitated the Alexandrians in arranging his poems carefully "so as to produce the impression of an artistic whole," is seemingly well taken, and the reader may be referred to his excellent analyses of the arrangement of the poet's various books. (*Hor. and the El. Poets*, chap. iv., early pages.)

² Mæcenas appears to have patronized Propertius, who stands somewhat aloof from Tibullus and the Messalla group.

³ For these and subsequent biographical details I am indebted chiefly to Sellar.

His elegies, all of which are lost, were in four books entitled "Lycoris." In these he mourned his desertion by Cytheris, a famous actress, the mistress of Anthony and others. From the impression he produced on his contemporaries and successors,¹ it is clear that he must have written with great distinction, and he has at least the credit of having been the forerunner of Tibullus and Propertius, and of having been lamented by Virgil.²

Albius Tibullus was a good deal younger than Gallus, but his date of birth is uncertain. It may be set down as about 54 B.C. He was of good family and had some property, but he met with losses in the civil wars. In 30 or 29 B.C. he served with Messalla in Aquitania and gained distinction. Returning to Italy, he won the love of Plania, whom he made famous under the name of "Delia" in the first book of his elegies. These exquisite love poems tell the story of his passion—how he has to go to the East with Messalla, how he falls ill, how he hastens home to his mistress. The four lines from the third elegy in which he describes in anticipation his unexpected return have hardly their equal for vivid description in all literature.³

"Then I shall come quickly and no one shall announce me, but I shall seem to be before thee as though dropped from heaven; then do thou, O Delia, run toward me in thy bare feet, just as thou art found, with thy long locks all disheveled."⁴

We need not follow the intrigue to its logical conclusion. Several years later he wrote a second book, which he probably did not live to revise. He has been living quietly on

¹ Quintilian thought his style "durior" as compared with that of his rivals.

² Virgil also praises him in *Ec.* vi. From *Ec.* x. it seems that Gallus translated some work of Euphorion.

³ "There are few passages in ancient poetry so perfect as a picture from life and an expression of feeling." (Sellars, loc. cit., p. 235.)

⁴ Tunc veniam subito nec quisquam nuntiet ante,
Sed videar caelo, missus adesse tibi:
Tunc mihi, qualis e ris, longos turbata capillos,
Obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede.

his estates, but has again become the bondsman of love—this time to a certain “Nemesis,” who nearly ruins him. We may doubt whether Ovid was entirely correct in representing the two mistresses as joining their kisses over the poet’s funeral pile, but we can hardly doubt the violence of the passion they both inspired and shared.

Of the grace and melody of Tibullus’ elegies enough has already been said; of their subject-matter perhaps the following quotations will give a fair idea. In the first elegy of the first book, in which he declines Messalla’s invitation to the wars (B.C. 31?) he declares (ll. 53–62): “It is fitting for thee, O Messalla, to make war by land and sea, that thy mansion may exhibit the spoils of the foe; me the chains of a comely girl retain as a captive, and I sit, like a porter, before her obdurate door. I do not care to be lauded, O my Delia: provided I am with thee, I prefer to be called slow and inert. Let me look upon thee when my last hour is come, let me, dying, hold thee with my failing hand. Thou wilt weep me when I am placed upon my bed, soon to burn, and wilt give me kisses mixed with sad tears.”¹

The dominant notes of this passage are, of course, the sacrifice of ambition to love, which reaches perhaps its highest elegiac expression in Tibullus, just as it does its highest tragic expression in Shakspere’s “Antony and Cleopatra,” and the rather morbid stressing of death-bed incidents for which Tibullus is conspicuous among classical poets.²

The gentle longing of the poet for rural quiet and pleas-

¹ Te bellare decet terra, Messalla, marique,
Ut domus hostiles praferat exuvias:
Me retinent victimum formosae vincula puellae,
Et sedeo duras janitor ante fores.
Non ego laudari curo, mea Delia: tecum
Dum modo sim, quaeso segnis inersque vocer.
Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.
Flebis et arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto
Tristibus et lacrimis oscula mixta dabis.

² Mr. Sellar thinks, however, that Propertius does more brooding on death.

ures is well expressed in these few verses (I., v., 21-24): "I shall cultivate my fields, and my Delia will be with me as the keeper of my stores, while the threshing-floor treads the harvests under the hot sun, or she will keep my grapes in full baskets, and my pure must pressed with an active foot."¹

Space is wanting for anything like a careful analysis of the various elegies, or even for giving a complete list of the subjects treated. These vary from a triumphal, almost ode-like, outburst on Messalla's return after his victory over the Aquitani, to an expostulation with a coquette who has trifled with one of the poet's friends. As for the passages that portray the licentiousness of the times, it will suffice to say that while they are fairly numerous and certainly characteristic, they need not be dwelt on here. It may be well, however, to transcribe one such which shall be left in the original Latin, with genders unchanged:

Huic tamen accubuit noster puer: hunc ego credam
Cum trucibus Venerem iungere posse feris
Blanditiasne meas aliis tu vendere es ausus?
Tunc aliis demens oscula ferre mea?
Tum flebis, cum me vincutum puer alter habebit
Et geret in regno regna superba tuo.
At tua tum me poena iuvet, Venerique merenti
Fixa notet casus aurea palma meos.
Hanc tibi fallaci resolutus amore Tibullus
Dedicat et grata sis, dea, mente rogat.

Before taking final leave of this artistic and fastidious poet, who without Gray's learning and moral worth, has been compared with our own chief elegist, we must note the fact that among the elegies once attributed to Tibullus several have been included which are certainly not from his pen. Eleven of these tell the pretty story of the love of Sulpicia, Messalla's niece, for Cerinthus; all are marked by grace and sincerity, especially that (IV., viii.) in which

¹ Rura colam, frugumque aderit mea Delia custos,
Area dum messes sole calente teret,
Aut mihi servabit plenis in lintribus uvas
Pressaque veloci candida musta pede.

the girl complains that her own or some one else's birthday having come around, she must quit the city for the country, and so be separated from her lover. Messalla may force her away, but "carried hence, I still leave here my mind and my feelings, since thou dost not let me have my own free will."¹

This breath of pure, true love is distinctly refreshing when compared either with the unhealthy passion of Tibullus himself or with the artificial sentiment manifested by the writer of six of these intruding elegies, a certain Lygdamus, perhaps a fictitious name, who celebrated his mistress Neæra in delicate but unoriginal verse.²

The third writer of our group, Propertius, is by far the most interesting, although it is only of late that he has received the praise that is his due. He is now ranked by some critics with the greatest of the Roman poets. The chronology of his life is very confused, but it may be set down as ranging between the dates 48 and 16 B.C. The two main facts of his life are his love for Hostia, whom he celebrated as Cynthia, and his devotion to his art. His elegies are divided into four books, the first of which is famous as the "Cynthia Monobiblos." For genuine passion, for vivid imagination, for originality and power of diction, and for sympathy with nature, he is unique among the poets of his time, but he fails of his true place through his inability to harmonize his powers, which in turn was probably due to the hybrid nature of the art he practised. Enough has, however, been said on this point, and it only remains for us to select certain characteristic passages from the love elegies, and to describe briefly his two genuine elegies of grief. Here are some tender elegiac lines and a characteristic legendary illustration from the nineteenth elegy of the first book: "I do not now, my Cynthia, fear the sad Manes,

¹ *Hic animum sensusque meos abducta relinquo,
Arbitrio quoniam non sinis esse meo.*

² One other so-called elegy is an anonymous panegyric of Messalla in hexameters. It is evident that all the elegies were grouped together through the connection of the various writers with the house of Messalla.

nor do I care for the fates due to the last funeral pyre, but I dread that perchance thy love may be wanting at my death-bed; this fear is harder to be borne than death itself. The boy, Love, has not clung so lightly to my eyes that my dust may ever be oblivious to the passion. There below, in the blind precincts of Hades, the hero sprung from Phylacus [Protesilaus] could not be unmindful of his comely spouse, but longing to embrace his joys in his insubstantial hands, he came, a Thessalian shade, to his ancient home.”¹

The lines that follow form a complete elegy of great beauty and pathos (III., ii.), though perhaps some verses have been lost: “Others may write of thee, or thou mayest remain unknown: let him praise thee who is wont to sow his seeds in sterile soil. The dark day of thy last funeral rites, believe me, will carry off all thy accomplishments in one bier; and the scornful traveler will pass by thy remains and will not say: ‘This dust was once a learned maid.’”²

Among the finest of Propertius’ elegies may be mentioned the epistle of Arethusa to Lycotas (IV., vi.), and the speech of Cornelia’s spirit (IV., xi.). The elegies on Roman myths and gods, like that on Vertumnus (IV., ii.), are his worst. The strict elegies of grief are those on Paetus (IV., vii.) and Marcellus, him honored by Virgil (IV., xviii.). The latter is more or less the appropriate tribute of a well-

¹ Non ego nunc tristes vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes,
Nec moror extremo debita fata rogo;
Sed ne forte tuo careat mihi funus amore,
Hic timor est ipsis durior exequiis.
Non adeo leviter nostris puer hæsit ocellis,
Ut meus oblio pulvis amore vacet.
Ilic Phylacides iocundæ coniugis heros
Non potuit cæcis inmemor esse locis,
Sed cupidus falsis attingere gaudia palmis
Thessalis antiquam venerat umbra domum.

² Scribant de te alii vel sis ignota licebit:
Laudet, qui sterili semina ponit humo.
Omnia, crede mihi, secum uno munera lecto
Auferet extremi funeris atra dies.
Et tua transibit contemnens ossa viator,
Nec dicet “cenis hic docta puella fuit.

known poet to a great public character; it therefore needs little comment. The former is a much more sincere lament for a young friend drowned on a voyage to Egypt. It opens with a denunciation of the love of gain, which causes so many anxious lives, and has sunk "three or four times in the raging sea Pætus, who was spreading his sails toward Pharian harbors." It continues with gloomy pessimism to ask why, when he was tossing on the waters, the name of his dear mother was on his lips, seeing that the bil-lows have no gods—*non habet unda deos*. Then follows the customary appeal to legend, this time to the story that Agamemnon would not let the Greek fleet start on account of the drowning of the beautiful youth Argynnuus, near the very spot where Pætus perished. The landsman's horror of ships is next introduced, and with it the personal note, somewhat unmanly, be it confessed: "But if he were contentedly turning up his fields with his inherited oxen, and had thought my words of weight, he would be living, a welcome guest, among his own Penates, poor indeed, but on land, where no ill gusts can blow."¹

After this we are given a grimly realistic picture of the youth's death, no such artistic reticence as Milton displays in "Lycidas" hampering Propertius: "From him yet alive the surge tore off his nails by the roots and his wretched gasping drew in the hateful water: unpitying night saw him borne on clinging to a slender plank. So many evils coincided that Pætus might die."²

We may omit the hopeless speech of Pætus himself, "when the black water was closing his dying mouth,"

Cum moribunda niger clauderet ora liquor,

¹ Quod si contentus patrio bove verteret agros,
Verbaque duxisset pondus habere mea,
Viveret ante suos dulcis conviva Penates,
Pauper, at in terra, nil ubi flare potest.

² Huic fluctus vivo radicitus abstulit unguis,
Et miser invisam traxit hiatus aquam:
Hunc parvo ferri vidit nox improba ligno
Pætus ut occideret, tot coiere mala.

although it may be well to compare it with the radiant triumph manifest in the closing lines of "Lycidas;" and we find ourselves echoing the exquisitely pathetic regret of Propertius: "O ye hundred ocean daughters of father Nereus, and thou Thetis, touched by a mother's grief, ye should have put your arms under his tired chin; he could not have weighed heavy on your hands."¹

But Pætus' fate shall not be his own, says our poet, in conclusion; the savage north wind shall never see his sails; but he will be fitly stowed away, when lifeless, before the door of his mistress.

This strong and sincere elegy has been compared—and naturally, as we have seen—with "Lycidas," but Milton is too far removed from the pagan pessimism of Propertius to make the comparison valuable from a strictly literary point of view. It is best for our purposes to compare it with Moschus' "Elegy on Bion." This done, we shall see at once that, in spite of the strength and sincerity of the simpler elegy, it has not the appeal to the emotions produced by the exquisite artistic elaboration of the Ausonian singer's pastoral dirge. Moschus, in veiling his grief under artistic conventions, has really heightened its intensive effect, and he has been able to give to his verses a charm and grace which Propertius could not attain with all his realism and all his pessimistic strength, attractive though both may be to some modern minds.²

Of so well known a poet as Ovid, whose chief success was won in other realms of art than those haunted by the Muse of Elegy, there is naturally little that we need say here. His "Tristia" are nominally elegies, but are rather personal ejaculations and expostulations than anything else,

¹ O centum æquoreæ Nero genitore puellæ,
Et tu materno tacta dolore Theti
(Vos decuit lasso supponere brachia mento.
Non poterat vestras ille gravare manus.)

² It may be well to remark that Moschus was, as we have previously seen, a sincere pessimist, but that in this particular also his grace does not interfere with his producing the impression of sincerity.

although they do contain some important information about Roman amatory poetry, which we have already drawn on. His "Amores" are three books of love elegies in the manner of Tibullus and Propertius, but they have so little of the necessary "querimonia," so little real passion, that it is doubtful to this day whether the Corinna they celebrate was a real person or not. My own impression, derived merely from reading the poems rapidly, is that she was as intangible as the mistress of Abraham Cowley. Of course, with his facility and irony and lightness of touch, Ovid managed to make his elegies readable for all their artificiality, but there is certainly no need to quote from them here, save in the case of two. One of these is a really tender, melodious lament for the untimely death of Tibullus, who was also, by the way, honored by a good epigram by Domitius Marsus. This elegy (III., ix.), which we have already referred to, although not pastoral, shows plain traces of Alexandrian influence, but is nevertheless a sincere tribute of one poet to another. It is not nearly so realistic as the elegy on Pætus, nor is it so great a poem, but it has a charm which that lacks. Perhaps as quotable a passage as any is the following: "And yet we are called 'sacred bards,' and are said to be the objects of the gods' care; there are some people, too, who believe us to be inspired. Forsooth, importunate death profanes all that is sacred, upon all things she lays her dusky hands."¹

The conclusion may be quoted as being more hopeful than that of the elegy on Pætus, and as giving Tibullus his proper rank among elegiac poets: "If, however, anything beside name and shadow remain of us, Tibullus will live in the vale of Elysium. Do thou, O learned Catullus, with thy youthful brows bound with ivy, come to meet him in company with thy Calvus. And thou, too, if the imputed crime of the daring friend is false, O Gallus, prodigal of thy

¹At sacri vates, et divum cura vocamur:

Sunt etiam, qui nos numen habere putent.

Scilicet omne sacrum Mors importuna profanat:

Omnibus obscuras iniicit illa manus.

blood and life. To these thy shade is a companion, if indeed the body has any shade surviving. Thou hast swelled, O cultured Tibullus, the number of the elect. Rest quiet, O ye his bones, I pray, in a safe urn, and to thy ashes, Tibullus, may the earth not prove heavy.”¹

The second of Ovid’s elegies that we need to notice is his really pathetic and graceful lament for Corinna’s parrot, “the imitative bird from the Indies of the East.” Here, too, Alexandrian touches are not wanting, as, for example, in the opening lines where the other birds are bidden to the parrot’s funeral, and are told to “tear their rough feathers in place of their sorrowing hair.” As a matter of course, the intensity of passion and the matchless charm of Catullus’ ode on Lesbia’s sparrow are absent from Ovid’s poem, nor could we well look for the playful humor that afterward characterized Cowper’s animal elegies, or the thoughtful pessimism that marked Matthew Arnold’s, but the verses are nevertheless worthy of remembrance, far more so than the separate elegy entitled “Nux,” the walnut-tree, once attributed to Ovid, in which the tree complains of being pelted by the passers-by.

But with Ovid we may bring our sketch of the Roman elegy to a close. Were we endeavoring to give a complete account of its evolution and development, we should have to devote some space to the long and not ineffective “Consolation to Livia Augusta on the death of her son Drusus”—which was once attributed to Ovid, and which is the most elaborate poem we have yet encountered of its happily defunct, or nearly defunct kind. We should also have to say

¹ Si tamen e nobis aliquid, nisi nomen et umbra,
Restat, in Elysia valle Tibullus erit.
Obvius huic venias, hedera juvenilia cinctus
Tempora, cum Calvo, docte Catulle, tuo.
Tu quoque, si falsum est temerati crimen amici,
Sanguini: atque animæ prodige, Galle, tuæ.
His comes umbra tua est; si quid modo corporis umbra est.
Auxisti numeros, cultus Tibulle, pios.
Ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna,
Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.

something about two anonymous elegies in honor of Mæcenas, about several epitaphs and epigrams upon the younger Cato, including some by Seneca, whose few verses upon Crispus are, by the way, very touching; about many epitaphs and elegies by minor or unknown poets collected in the *Anthologia Latina*,¹ about such elegies as those of Statius, on the parrot of Atedius Melior, a good piece of *vers de société*—on the serving boy of Flavius Ursus, on Claudius the Etruscan, on his own father—a sincere, but not specially moving tribute—and on his boy attendant; as well as those of Ausonius on his father and other relatives—in short, we should find that between Ovid and Boethius enough elegiac poetry was written to furnish a diligent commentator with abundant material for a lengthy disquisition. We are not concerned with it, however, except in so far as it affected the elegists of the Middle Ages who will occupy us later. Here we need only stress the fact that the four chief forms of Greek elegy—the simple poem of grief, the political and gnomic elegy, the love elegy, and the pastoral elegy—all passed into Roman literature, but that with the exception of a few fine specimens of the first class, such as Catullus' lines on his brother, and the elegies of Propertius and Ovid on Pætus and Tibullus respectively, the Romans succeeded conspicuously only in the elegies of the third class—those devoted to love. Of their masters of love elegy only one (Propertius) was, so far as we can judge, a strict adherent to Alexandrian canons, Tibullus returning rather to the pensive sweetness of Mimnermus,² and Ovid being obviously more artificial than most of his predecessors had been. The future lay with Tibullus and Ovid, rather than with Propertius, because when the men of the Renaissance came to imitate the Roman elegists they were naturally more attracted by the melody and straightforward sincerity of passion of Tibullus, or by the smooth-flowing *tours de force* of Ovid than by the turbid, badly fused, but nevertheless as-

¹ Some of these will be treated in the chapter on the "Medieval Elegy."

² This point, which occurred to me independently, has, I find from Sellar, been made by Gruppe and M. Plessis.

piring art of Propertius. In a more or less artificial genre imitators were likely to take the paths of least resistance—and these lay toward Tibullus and Ovid, and away from Propertius, the greatest of all the ancient love elegists, in my judgment, save only Mimnermus.¹

W. P. TRENT.

¹ In connection with the comparative neglect of Propertius by former generations I have wondered whether Goldsmith, when in the twentieth chapter of the "Vicar of Wakefield" he introduced the rascally author who proposed to get out a new edition of Propertius, chose that poet because he wished to indicate that in his opinion there was no need of paying such attention to his works. The company in which he puts the great Roman suggests the inference, and I find nothing in the rest of his works to refute it. He mentions Tibullus and Ovid, the former at the latter's expense; but seems to be silent about Propertius. (See Essay XII.)

TWO CONTEMPORARY MYSTICS.

MYSTICISM, in its good sense, is an attempt to realize the unknown. Passing beyond the facts and their classification into the realm of pure theory, one then returns and utters in language of the feelings what the abstract ideas vaguely apprehended may import for man and his immediate life.

There are two motives that lead a man to consider the unknown. Either what he knows is dear to him, and, perceiving its end, he craves to know it once again. Enjoyment has only fanned the flame of desire. He hopes the apparent end is but a new beginning. He dreams of what he believes may have begun as in some sense akin to what ended. Or, profoundly discouraged and nauseated, yet not desperate enough to be satisfied with any doctrine of annihilation, he looks forward to another and different world of which he constructs a picture to the imagination in a series of denials of all that this world seems. Mystics accordingly fall into two classes. We have of late received two studies of death from different pens. Both authors have been spiritually nurtured by Christianity. Both declare their debt on every page. One is a pessimist; the other, an optimist.

I.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S "TRÉSOR DES HUMBLES."

Few books are more easy to read and more difficult to analyze than Maurice Maeterlinck's "Trésor des Humbles." The elusiveness, easy meandering, and graceful discontinuity of the style, is in the original sense of the word truly amazing. Many readings and broodings are necessary before the mind wins that inner certitude of having comprehended the author's design. Still we have a guide in the very structure of the book. We can obtain, besides, a commentary from his poems and dramas. Out of these, namely, it would be easy to make excerpts which should present the reader with another version of "Le Trésor des Humbles."

The dramas are discovered to be only opportunities for giving a personal utterance to favorite psychological observations, and to such theories as they might be fancied to support. He has attempted the creation of what he calls himself a "statical theater" (p. 188).¹ His poems entitled "Les Serres Chaudes" (Hot Houses) utter a sense of tedium, a languid remorse, a fearful disgust of life, and a feverish craving for release.

The essays are, in manner, impersonal, disengaged, critical, and deal directly with the inner world, not the outer-world calamities of souls half awake in another (as in the dramas), or the hideousness of this world to those whom it confines (as in the poems). This, however, constitutes a difference only of literary method, not of real substance. To be sure it has sufficed to create in many a belief that there are three (or at least two) Maeterlincks, champions respectively of three (or at least two) incompatible views of life. This mistake was made easier by the terminology. Such words as "soul," for instance, are difficult of definition. "Life," "goodness," "beauty," "profundity" are capable of equivocal use. The dictionary will not help the critic. It is important to explore the "mood" whence their use proceeds. Any artist will of course employ the most attractive phrases, those already bound up with what is dear and holy to the reader. A keen, almost cruel, eye must he have who will see through the folds of verbal draperies the naked thought itself. It is the interpreter's business, however, to do this for the reader as well as he can. The critic presumes to judge. In so doing of course he judges himself. The reader is at liberty to take issue with him—nay, to reverse his verdict—if he pleases. If it seems to the present writer, for instance, that M. Maeterlinck is not the exponent of vital Christianity, at all events his work as interpreter will be of use, and his criticism will aid the counter-critic as well as any who chance to agree with him.

¹ References are by page to "Le Trésor des Humbles," 7th edition. The versions are always by the writer.

M. Maeterlinck has given us a "brotherly warning" that he has read many abstruse books (p. 103). Again and again he shows us where he has culled this flower and that. We can easily conceive the "we" to be editorial, rather than dramatic, when he disclaims any such thing for "us" as central spontaneity—that is to say, the power to evolve, without external aid, systems of mystic philosophy (p. 109).

Plotinus is to him the prince of transcendental metaphysicians. He holds him to be wiser than Plato for rushing in where the latter, fearing to tread, drops on his knees (p. 113.) Ruysbroeck, the Flemish recluse, whose chief work he translated to the confusion of the French reading public, leaves even Plotinus behind and Maeterlinck dares to follow! Ruysbroeck confines himself, the disciple tells us, to thoughts of the unthinkable (p. 102); (prudently, we may add, for what critics would dare assail him? as soon threaten the man in the moon with your fist!) In the works of Ruysbroeck the disciple professes "to have glimpsed the bluest peaks of the soul" (p. 155), whilst in Emerson he saw only "the humbler hillocks of the human heart rounding away irregularly," mere foot-hills to Ruysbroeck's superb Sierras! We respect him for his honesty, loyalty, and—courage! He has chosen his masters; and whether ours or not, we can afford to confess that he has done them credit.

M. Maeterlinck does not disguise from himself the fact that he is at bottom a pessimist. After saying, for instance, graceful things of the "new optimism" of the "good optimist," Emerson, he carefully classes him with the "forerunners of a new, mysterious, and perhaps very pure pessimism," which he evidently looks forward to, "for," says he, "there is nothing more discouraging than a self-compelled optimism" (p. 202). He thinks that if a transplanetary visitor came to us, we should give him, as samples of humanity, not Balzac, George Meredith (or even Shakspere and Racine, for the matter of that) but the treasures of Pascal, Emerson, or Hello, so that at least we should not be mistaken for "satisfied inhabitants of this earth" (p. 175).

The great question of course for every reader is: What ex-

actly does M. Maeterlinck mean by the "soul?" To answer this none is competent but M. Maeterlinck himself. We shall at all events conjure up before the reader the "mood" which governs its shade of meaning, and then he will be able to decide whether or not we are correct in our view.

"So soon as we express anything we strangely reduce its dimensions" (p. 65). "When we formulate what in us is mysterious, we are profounder than all that has been written, and greater than all that exists" (p. 121). A malicious critic might ascribe the "diminished size" and sudden shallowness to the exclusion of a flattering imagination which took indefiniteness for immensity—nay, infinity. "There is a part of life—and it is the best, purest, and greatest—which does not mingle in our ordinary life" (p. 60). Some day, perhaps, "our souls shall perceive one another without the mediation of the senses" (p. 29). A "new psychology" is announced which shall be "transcendental," busying itself exclusively with the "direct relations among men sustained by soul to soul, and the sensibility as well as the extraordinary manifestations of the soul" (p. 38).

Any book which like Ruysbroeck's reveals the "true life" which is inexplicable (p. 31) will yield its key only to him who "deserves it by turning away from life" (p. 117). We shall in fact never wholly understand it "till we see the objects themselves" which he describes or alludes to "on the other side of life" (p. 125). The approbation of the dying is prized, for they, as also he who suffers the extreme pressure of a great sorrow, are "clairvoyant."

In the first essay, entitled "Silence," we are made to feel that there is much in us besides what our consciousness reveals. The agreeable hypothesis is hazarded that what we do not know of ourselves is better than what we know. "Speech" is the symbol and expression of the conscious life of thought and passion. The unconscious life cannot, of course, utter itself in words. "Silence" then is symbolic of it, since its expression, if expression it have, is voiceless.

Now, what lives that life in us, of which we are not directly aware, is the soul. The relations of "souls" are necessarily "above the reservoirs of thought" (p. 19). In the element of silence "souls freely possess one another" (p. 17). "Silence" is then a negative term for a positive notion, for "silences" differ not only in occasion, as the silence of calamity and love (p. 24), but they differ in quality according to the souls they proceed from (p. 11), and when shared by two souls may be hostile or friendly (p. 19).

In the second essay we are told that the "soul" sleeps and stirs periodically in individuals, nations, and races. It "probably came near to the surface of life" in Egypt and certainly in prehistoric India (p. 31). There were minor agitations in Persia and Alexandria and the "two mystic medieval centuries." In times "when intelligence and beauty appear at their best," the soul did not deign to show itself. Greece, Rome, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of France, for instance, were devoid of "soul." The Elizabethans too were practically without it, "though *underneath* King Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet" (p. 180), as also in certain Greek masterpieces (p. 189), the soul vaguely quickened as in an antenatal dream. When the natural man flourishes the soul languishes. The soul and the natural man are, we infer, contrary powers, and their perfection in any age varies inversely. The soul clearly is something unnatural. That we are now entering a period of "soul" is the purport of the second essay, and the symptoms thereof are many.

In the third essay the strange "organic warning" (p. 82) of such as are destined to an early death, and the fact that they seem to be marked out from the others, are considered.

"There are things more imperious and deeper than thought" (p. 53), for in spite of ourselves, maybe, we have divined their case. Were they "born to affirm that life had no purpose?" (p. 52) asks M. Maeterlinck. "Who can tell what is the motive power of events, and whether they are ourselves or we are they? Are they born of us, or we of them? Do we attract them, or they us? Do they transform us, or we them? Do they never mistake their course?"

(p. 54). That is to say, does the soul create the fate for a man, or does fate create the soul? As both are inaccessible, unknown quantities, neither question is answerable. One thing, however seems clear: that in such as have a clear sense of impending catastrophe the "soul" is more nearly awake than in others.

Now follow two essays that set forth in careful fashion the spiritual indifference of conduct, good or bad, and of intellectual development. Women as viewed in the latter essay are admittedly inferior, yet somehow in the deeps equal to men—nay, superior, just because of their patent inferiority, since they rely more on the "soul!" Woman sits at the very feet of fate, and is wiser, though a pretty simpleton in her resignation, than the man who lives in and by his potent wits! A vindication of their equality with men in the "invisible" that will hardly content, I fear, the women of English speech!

Then we reach three critical essays—on Ruysbroeck, in whom a new philosophic faculty (p. 112) is discovered; on Emerson, who absolves us from any necessity of heroical hours (such as Carlyle would have us obtain for the sake of self-respect), pointing out that the hero needs the approval of the ordinary man, while the ordinary man does not ask for the hero's approval (p. 149), bidding us revere our common hours (p. 152); the last on Novalis and his doctrine of the deeper self (p. 163) that "there is something other than mind," and that it is not mind which allies us to the universe—but of course the "soul" that transcends mind—even "when mind is becoming unconscious, as it is about to become divine" (p. 159).

After these three essays that deal with three sages, the first characteristically a master of the soul, the second of the affections, the third of the mind (according to M. Maeterlinck), we have only two more essays to traverse ere we arrive at the last three, published first, and to which the other ten serve only as approach. "Le Tragique Quotidian" sets before us the fact that not in circumstances of the outer man, but in the suffering itself common to all, lies the tragic sublime—above will;

and in "L'Etoile" we are made to consider the destinies of lives as of divine origin, at least proceeding from the "soul," and responding to it.

The last three essays ("Invisible Goodness," the "Profound Life," and "Interior Beauty") are really one. In the first the goodness is not morality, but a sort of gracious complacency or piety, which is a symptom of the incessant stir of the soul (p. 247); in the second we confront the means of sanctification; in the last, the bliss itself of the perfect realization of the "soul."

From this survey there should surely result a provisional definition at least of what M. Maeterlinck means by "soul." Theoretically it is an unknown kernel-self, so to speak—we are veils of ourselves. When we die, it, which is our true self, lives. When the shell is broken the kernel is exposed. Sickness, sorrow, love-sickness, and life-nausea are cracks of that shell usually called life.

But this kernel-self could have no interest for the living man, since revealed only to the dead. Ecstasies, trances, vivid transports, however, are glimpses of it, here and now. "Soul," for us who live and are not mystics of that extreme type, turns out to be a state of consciousness, as unrelated as possible with sensations, passions, thoughts, a species of doze which delivers one from the outside world; a sort of waking sleep that floats one out of the region of responsibility. It is producible by contemplation, or by the extreme emotions occasioned by calamity or love. Whether the theoretical and the practical senses of "soul" in M. Maeterlinck are really the same, or constitute an equivocation, remains for the reader to judge.

Let us now run rapidly through the gamut of M. Maeterlinck's main ideas: "Fate was only once adored without rival. She was then for the very gods a terrifying mystery" (p. 206). Now fate is double: that of ancestors and that of offspring. We thought love a free act of individuals. It turns out to be the effect on consciousness of the desire for life in the unborn (p. 225)! "There is no joyful destiny, there is no happy star. The star you fancy happy is one

that awaits its hour" (p. 207). There is, however, to-day "a new nobility in the ache of living" (p. 209). More important than to know the character of your friend is "to perceive his exact situation with reference to the unknown about him, the habit of chance in its dealings toward him" (p. 198).

These "habits of chance" (p. 220) bear some relation to individuals; "events seem drawn by certain thoughts and certain souls" (p. 220). Are there not great chances asleep on the horizon which some too sudden motion might awake (p. 222)? Some dare affirm (*he* does not expressly) "that a beautiful soul transfigures the saddest fate to beauty" (p. 222). In the battles of the individual with destiny "the will cannot interfere" (p. 217). The "will itself is the ripest fruit of destiny" (p. 219). "The ancient will itself, the old will so well known and so logical, is transformed in turn, and experiences the immediate contact of great, inexplicable, profound laws" (p. 44).

In such case as this, little stress can be placed upon morality. The sins of the flesh and of hot blood are felt to be less important than we suppose (pp. 67-69). We suspect that "there are deeper laws than those that preside over our acts and our thoughts" (p. 72). "Will the lowest idea or the noblest leave any trace on the diamond pivot"—(the soul) (p. 72)? "God must smile on our gravest sins as we at the gambol of puppies" (p. 73). At bottom the soul does not know of any sin it could commit which should be its sin (p. 74), and the real law being unknown, sin is itself unknown, yet the soul feels guilty (p. 75). Perhaps the only real sins are to have resisted one's intuitions, to have "ceased to love" (p. 76).

Our real life of soul is only lived by chance, in spite of ourselves, from sheer absent-mindedness (p. 59).

"Perhaps we should know too much if we knew all that we know" (p. 58). We reach God every moment without knowing it (p. 143). Smiles, as well as tears, open the doors of the other world (p. 272). "Those who have not been very unhappy" can "live with souls," if they have experienced the "silences of love" (p. 24).

The Sage does not require shocks; trifles suffice him (p. 258). "Quiet, when one thinks of it, is terrible" (p. 182).

Now the sage is distinguished not by any will to shape himself. To be sure "it is useful to strive for the elevation of one's life, and one ought to tend toward summits where an incapacity for doing ill is attained" (p. 276).

"Let us strive to be more beautiful than we are; we shall never outstrip our soul" (p. 292). "No soul can tell what is the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and that is actively beautiful within" (p. 295). "But after all it is of less importance to transform one's life than to become conscious of it; for as soon as it has been seen it transforms itself" (p. 267). We require only "attention" (p. 259), "waiting for fortunate moments." We live, all of us, in the sublime. What we lack is not occasions of living in heaven, but attention and concentration and a little "soul-intoxication" (p. 262). "What we want is not a chance, but a habit" (p. 266). "One must be efficaciously attentive" (p. 268). "It is not enough to possess a truth; the truth must possess us" (p. 269).

We have thus reached the true use of the will—ruling the future by transmuting the past into a sad smile (p. 222)—by intense meditation, a species of self-hypnosis, attaining to the trance, ecstacy, the blissful experience which is supposed to be the realization of a deeper self (p. 163). For we are invisible beings (p. 170); man beginning truly only where he seems to end (p. 172), and the "true birth" of "soul" being "the first feeling that there lurks something grave and unexpected in life" (p. 255)—an experience which can be repeated (p. 256), and in any case the "soul" is never lost if once gotten (p. 15).

Giving it the sense of soul-consciousness (a something so different from ordinary consciousness as to be, with reference to it, termed *unconsciousness*) we understand why M. Maeterlinck puts so great a value on consciousness. To know is the only way to become. We become not by effort, but by a recognition of the forces which wait to make us. Hence the value of dramatic poems. Misery is their basis

(p. 211). We want to meet our sorrows half-way (p. 207), because they increase our consciousness—which is the only region in which we feel ourselves living (p. 227).

Of course life is not the passions nor violent action. "Hamlet" has the time to live because he does not act (p. 187).

Love, however, has a part to play; but of course it is a love "of the soul" (p. 246). It is construed as a haunting memory of primal unity (p. 245). The truest loves of the soul never declare themselves—they wait for another life (pp. 59, 60). A common experience of secret goodness will often assume the character of love. At all events, a strange sense of fellowship results (p. 250). As a matter of fact, when we love it is not character we take note of in the beloved. We laugh at open vices. We believe in unseen virtues (p. 250). Those who love are always thwarted. Hialmer and Maleine, Péleás and Mélisande, Marcellus and Ursula, Palomides and Alladine—all alike die or yearn for death. Love itself, should fate prove favorable, is perverse. It finds nourishment in mutual pain. It exacts proofs of love in the beloved. Hence it asks not death, but prolonged torture uncomplainingly—nay, passionately—borne (p. 237). Golaud cannot let Mélisande die in peace. To love without reserve, with complete abandonment (p. 297), is to be to another as to God (p. 307); and to think of nothing, as we saw, was to think of God (p. 377).

Love benumbs—love is an ache and anesthetic at the same time. To love is to lose one's faculty for noting ugliness (p. 305), to become unable to distinguish between beauty that creates love and the beauty love creates (p. 307). One grows unexacting; one judges not; one loves not one's neighbor, but what is eternal in him (p. 274). One goes deeper than character into the substance of the lover (p. 25)—the "soul" which is beyond the reach of taint.

II.

We fear very much that, whatever M. Maeterlinck's good intentions may be, he will not win his way to the sort of readers he has in view.

There are those who, in ease and plenty, cultivate an artificial discontent. The fast life of their forbears or their own has exhausted their vitality. They want quiet for life, isolation for pride, a little fasting for appetite's sake after surfeits, after the exhaustion of the power of condiments and stimulants. There are for these persons, nowadays, no monasteries and convents. Besides, the irrevocableness of vows would demand a sincere disgust of life or heroic self-abnegation, and they only toy with tedium and satiation.

To such persons the essays of M. Maeterlinck offer a peculiar dissipation. They "keep open" the path from the seen to the unseen, to be sure, but besides they rest a man for paths that lead back to the seen from the "intense inane." After some pessimistic sentiment of a sweetishly pious sort one obtains a new relish for the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Life is no more a spontaneous joy. To live is not enough. One demands, forsooth, pleasure, ease, sinecures and cures-sins! These are scarce, uncertain, and soon spent. A new pleasure and ease can, however, be wrung from pain and disease. Not the joy of "seeing how much one can stand," with the virile Camden sage; but the joy of maudlin self-preoccupation, of continual noting of symptoms, recording pulse beats and temperature, and an hourly diagnosis, with plentiful self-condolences, tear-bottles of Etruscan model, and pathetic obituary speeches, self-uttered over one's own fancy-corpse! To such persons we fear the "*Trésor des Humbles*" will be only too welcome. For, with it in hand, they will imagine themselves spiritual saints in the bud—nay, in full bloom perhaps—and cease to feel anything like an honest, conscious pang; sending up the stench of their corruption as a "sweet-smelling savor" to a most amiable God, who only smiles on their actual sins, as on the gambols of little puppies!

The source of its immorality is not difficult to seek. It is in the antithesis, mind, matter; soul, body. It is in the subtle Manicheism.

If what is conscious and physical count for nothing when

good, it must do so also when evil. You cannot transcend good without also transcending evil.

If flesh be viewed as the expression of spirit, deed of will, then at once they one and all acquire value. The body as the temple of the Holy Ghost, works as the fruit of faith, had their dignity in St. Paul's thought.

True, for argument's sake, let us admit, is the notion that there is a kernel-self, and that the shell hides it. True that the shell is corruptible, and that the kernel contains eternal life. True that in time the shell must break and rot. But all this does not yet necessarily imply any real disparagement of the shell.

If the kernel is life, its business is to make shells. If the shell is gone, it will go to work through a long vital process and reproduce itself (nut—shell and kernel) once more.

This is what the Hindus called the "wheel of life," the perpetual tendency of life to incarnate. Believing this to be true, their pessimistic thought set about finding some fanciful expedient for counteracting this tendency to body forth. Body being evil, life which produced body was evil. The "soul" was the terrible superstition, and the manliest school of Buddha's faith quietly denied its existence, ingeniously saving morality as a means to stop the process of embodiment.

And here is exactly the glory of the Christian religion.

It has through centuries held up the doctrine of the "resurrection of the flesh," the most noble and forcible utterance of the glory of life, and the everlasting worth of body. Whatever Schopenhauer may say, the core of Christianity is optimism. It has cherished doctrines which in pessimistically inclined periods all the artillery of doubt has been directed against in vain—doctrines of the resurrection and the ascension, of the Church as the body of Christ, and the flesh as the temple of the Holy Ghost. In fact, the glory of sober Christianity is that it has vitally assimilated the truth of both pessimism and optimism, noting the evil to the full, perceiving its purpose, and crowning it with good. Redemption and salvation are processes dependent on out-

ward sacraments, institutions, doctrines. It matters greatly what we do, feel, think. The Holy Ghost operates through outward means. In order to hold fast these practical truths, it has been willing to leave such purely metaphysical problems as the one and the many, time and eternity, the finite and the infinite, unsolved—or rather it has declared them not real problems at all, mere puzzles of a sophistic sort having nothing whatever to do with life! In this how much wiser unto salvation has organized Christianity been than all the philosophical sects of Hindustan! If we want a Christian metaphysics, we shall undoubtedly yet have one. The Hindus have had metaphysics, and have starved spiritually. We fear that M. Maeterlinck's philosophy, gleaned a little here, a little there, has no mission for the living. It might possibly reassure the dying, but even then it would need the practical test of years. It is surely significant that the Church has never for any length of time committed itself to the pessimistic mystics, for all their sweetness and grace. The fact is, such mysticism is an anesthetic, and the world needs stimulants. The fact is, it has proved of little or no use in helping the world forward. Fénelon is very charming, but a mad Savonarola is more potent. A Molinus has his mission, but a Luther is more effective in the long run. The practical experiment, the service of life, is and must be the test of religious theories. Do they, not wean us from earth to heaven, but make earth heavenly? not disembody man, but embody the God-man?

III.

HENRY MILLS ALDEN'S "STUDY OF DEATH."

Now optimistic mysticism has a remarkable exponent in our own country, of whom I fear we are not so proud as we should be. The title of this second work, written in the same spirit and style as his first anonymous publication, "God in His World," perhaps discourages the average reader. One thing, however, one soon feels on opening the book—it is not written by an amateur mystic. A profound

earnestness is felt on every page. A personal fervor of devotion pulses in almost every sentence. The dedication startles us: to his wife, on her death-bed. Never were tenderer, more reverent words spoken; if not as rapturous as those of Robert to Elizabeth Browning, they are as sincere and full of holy love.

"Modern religious mysticism, . . . disposed to sacrifice nature to the supernatural, . . . falls into the slough of pessimism. Only the blood that leaps into the quick and full pulsations of earthly life can have an elastic rebound to its eternal font" (p. 49). That is his protest and fundamental conviction in one sentence. "Faith in life—such faith as to give no credence to apparent diminution as signs of weakness, seeing in them rather the intimations of some mighty transformation" (pp. 47, 48). "The Angel of Life, who out of the rich darkness puts forth the blade and bud and babe; all the fresh and tender luxuriance of growth is but the imagery of his abundance" (pp. 45, 46).

The work itself is written in an exquisitely compact style. It bears several readings not because it "amazes" by incoherency, by the lack of distinct classification of matter and firm procedure of thought, but because the style has a richness of suggestion—"more is meant than meets the ear." Surprises encounter us constantly.

"To all manifest existence we apply the term nature (*natura*), which means forever being born; and on its vanishing side it is *moritura* or 'forever dying'" (p. 17.) Apart from such felicitous use of philology, words are constantly employed in their primary senses.

Repentance, absolution, forgiveness, turn out to have new values which are the old. So, abstract words and ideas are knit back to their picturesque, material sources, to the evident satisfaction of our genial author, who, though highly spiritual, is reverently carnal also. "The priest forged the thunderbolts of heaven for the enforcement of the civil edict" (p. 151). How delightfully delicate is the insinuation! Hardly ever does he err. "But" is repeated within

seven words of itself (p. 113); "might," within nine (p. 120); an infinitive is split—"to . . . cheerfully receive" (p. 171); with "little" as subject we have "enter" in the plural. His antitheses are pointed by the use of similar words, and this, occasionally, is done oftener than the reader may enjoy; strain and restraint (p. 210), assistance, resistance, etc. But this is no doubt due to a desire for clearness. Such blemishes are trifles. A revision would remove them. As to the learning, it is used in a most unpedantic way. Sometimes he quotes from memory, one would think, and the memory is proverbially deceitful. St. Paul is credited with a verse of St. James (p. 271). See James i. 27. "Resist not him that is evil," is read, "resist not evil," a possible but rather unlikely reading (p. 231).

We make these trivial suggestions not because we are disposed to carp, but just for the reason that we love the book, and desire to tell the reader that a very close perusal will reveal at most half a dozen slight infelicities, or inaccuracies, which in so large a work is surely remarkable.

Writers of English never seem to be impeccable stylists, as the French; it is probably because we are less fastidious readers, and have more reverence for deeds than words. Still, perfection, whenever attainable, is to be desired even in English. Not that we should wholly anathematize a Carlyle or a Whitman; for literary barbarians are picturesque in their way. A literary gentleman cannot do with grace even once what they can do day by day *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Now, as to the structure of the book. The proem is a symbolic interpretation of the story of the temptation, "The Dove and the Serpent." First, the denial of evil, from sheer ignorance or reckless joy in good; then good and evil, a broken world, a divided will; then good from evil—the reunion in the complete man of what in "human thought had been put asunder" (p. 5). The proem is indeed a poem, stating the real problem which "The Study of Death" addresses itself to solve.

In the first book two visions of death are contrasted. He tells us that "the operations of nature, . . . being forever recurrent, cultivate in us the habit of expectation, so that we refuse to accept finality" (p. 9). Fronting the corpse "we are in no presence; it is the brutal fact of absence that stares us in the face" (p. 10). Instead of "a new synthesis," "we shall see dissolution, a sinking analytic motion" (p. 11). But the mystic's eye sees farther. "Life came upon the wing of death, and so departs." The "trope," —that is to say, a movement that returns upon itself, to start afresh—is universal. "It is proper to life itself" (p. 15), "as proper to life as life" (p. 17). "The idea of life as transcending any individual embodiment is as germane to science as it is to faith" (p. 17). "Sleep is the hierophant of a minor mystery, folding us in his mantle of darkness, renewing the world's desire, recovering time. Death within the veil instantaneously and every instant transforms life from its very source, recovering eternity. Sleep is re-creation. Death is the mighty negative, whereby all worlds vanish into that nothing from which all worlds are made, the vast in-breathing of the Spirit of God for his ever-repeated fiat of creation. Sleep suspends the individuality within its embodiment. Death shows the inmost personality in a divine presence—that angel of each one of us which forever beholds the face of the Father" (p. 21).

In the second book we have a most fascinating reconstruction of the primitive world of men: "Native impressions." He finely says that when we speak of the old superstitions "we juggle with the dry twigs of what was the green tree of life" (p. 34). We must be careful to preserve the sympathetic attitude if we would understand what the "superstitions" really signified to those who believed in them.

"Among primitive peoples we find no allusion to a future state" (p. 35). "The domain to which death introduces the soul was thought of as a past rather than a future" (p. 37). Then, "not only were the springs of life more divine, but its whole procedure so entirely divine that to think of it

as a probation or an experiment would have seemed blasphemous" (p. 37). "Death" was thought of "as divinisation" a restoration of latent powers through descent, and by way of darkness" (p. 39). "The dead were mightier than the living" (p. 39). Soon, however, with the advance of civilization (p. 44), man forgot "the earth" (p. 36), "God removed from this world to his heaven," and "death became the dread descent into that shadowy realm of impotence and insignificance" (p. 43). The Eumenides became the avenging furies (p. 44).

The "denunciation of selfhood" had no place in primitive mysticism (p. 50). "We say that a man is born alone and that he dies alone; but he is born of his kind, and to his kind he dies" (p. 50). Only in fellowship can he find himself (p. 51). Man loves not the world, nor self, until he has loved his kind (p. 51). "Individuation is for love. Even crime will compel solidarity" (p. 51). Selfhood is but the reflex of fellowship (p. 51). "A subjective mysticism contemplating as possible the exclusion of selfhood by an influx of divine life, is irrational—it is expansion of selfhood—that provides a great chamber from the Lord" (p. 52).

"He who denies resurrection as fresh embodiment sets his face against the mortal hope" (p. 54). "The ultimate mysticism will be that of science vitalized by the Christian faith, and of that faith illuminated in all its outward range by science. . . . Christianity will again accept nature, as indeed it did in its prime, holding it to be one with the Lord" (p. 54.)

Mr. Alden points out how the Greeks turned from "the Olympian dynasty of gods, hopelessly immortal . . . to gods that could die and grieve" (p. 57). "The primitive faith accepted death and evil as it accepted darkness and frost, and at the same time regarded them as parts of Love's cycle. Thus it emphasized the limitless divine bounty and indulgence" (p. 58). "Science itself," he says, "brings the human reason back to the recognition of evil—or what we call evil—as a reaction proper to life in all its manifestations,

divine or human" (p. 62). Christianity, he believes, will complete its cycle, in a return to that principle (p. 62).

But the third book is the great section of the "Study of Death."

The "Prodigal Son" is viewed as cosmic parable, and there are a dozen poems in this part. To give an adequate notion of its depth and beauty by excerpts is impossible. The planet being the prodigal, the sun, the father in the solar system (pp. 70-72, 286-288), is as sublime a thing by itself as one will easily find anywhere in literature.

Mr. Alden, a devout student of all the scientist has to offer, does not by any means accept always the dominant theory. In the first chapter he protests that from homogeneity there is no way out (p. 85). God is always in his world, and always working the great miracle of creation (p. 90). Every synthesis is a manifestation of a new set of properties—in chemistry, in biological development (p. 94). These do not appear as additions from without, but as liberations from within (p. 93). Death appears hand in hand with love, upon the appearance of the specialization called sex, which is for life's sake (pp. 101, 102). Structure is for life, not life for structure, is the leading thought. When we study structure, death, the decay of structure, seems a calamity. Really it is a return of the dynamic to the static; it is a storing up for spending, a withdrawing for new appearance.

Life is viewed as transcending structure (p. 110). He notes that life has a tendency toward difficulty rather than toward facility (p. 111); life as creative—that is to say—not the creation that reveals life to us. Fortunate environment leads to degeneracy (p. 112). Neither safety nor ease is an ultimate objective aim of nature; "she emphasizes discontinuity rather than continuity, running toward death in her progression, burning all bridges behind her as she advances. In the largest view stability is an illusion, uniformity a disguise, the persistence of type not an eternal concern" (p. 112).

"In the very essence of life is that which gives the meaning to our terms 'one and many,' but not to the one apart

from the other" (p. 129). The planetary man ignores that he is still in the sun. The solar man (p. 131), however, is within him and knows.

In the second chapter, the "Moral Order," he shows how came to bloom, very gradually, the "thornless rose of Merit" (pp. 151, 152). "The original sacrament of kinship" is declared to be "the fountain of primitive piety Godward or manward." By the expansion of kinship "arose a spiritual idea—the idea of the all-Father, the perfect realization of which is the kingdom of heaven, whose iniquities, whether of pain or of bliss, are as impartial as those of nature—a kingdom more of living righteousness rather than of formal rectitude" (p. 161).

The most startling insight of this chapter is that we are concerned not with logic, but with life (p. 168). "What men think it is right for them to do they regard also as the righteousness of God" (p. 165). Moral order expressed a vital requirement (p. 169). It would seem more rational, therefore, to derive religious doctrine from it than to do the reverse.

Now we perceive that "in every social organization less inclusive than that of a universal brotherhood," the simple creed of a universal Father must be denied (p. 166). Yet in this necessary inconsistency he sees no evil at all.

"Conscious restraint or rational control, regarded as a moral merit, is but a specialized form of that inhibition which, unconscious and untrained, is yet a more potent and surer bond in all natural operations. There is no such temperance attainable as that which nature has spontaneously—no positive purity like that of passion" (p. 170).

Morality at most is of the structure not of the constructing life. All organization has its history and is for life. "All indurations are walls about the free play of life within" (p. 175). So the social order, which, hardening, hurts the individual, really serves to "secure the inviolability of the individual and domestic seclusion" (p. 175). "The hard envelope about the seed must be broken for the seed's germination." "Its death contributes to fresh growth."

"The systems, like generations, pass away, not because of their imperfections, but rather because they have reached such perfectness" (p. 176). The contradiction of principles is merely the contrast between life and structure. "The moral order is that cycle of human experience which, beginning in a flesh-and-blood kinship, is completed in a kinship which embraces the universe" (p. 180). That is to say, it is a development in man. Actually, the kinship exists. It is not recognized as yet. It cannot be—nay, perhaps it must not yet be. For then the cycle would be completed and we should have to begin afresh. For so soon as the resistance of structure ceased there would be liberation of the life and new creation.

The next chapter pursues the line of argument suggested. "What matters it if the blossoms are swept away by the wind and rain, so the fruit is set; if the walls of the temple fall, so the Presence that filled the temple is glorified; or even if the entire structure of a civilization is destroyed, so the race is reborn" (p. 212)?

"There is indeed no problem save of our own making. The issues of life have their spontaneous reconciliation, because life itself is eternal. There is in that life a principle which is creative; which is as unmoral as is childhood, because it transcends morality which makes not for mere rectitude but for righteousness, not for betterment merely but for renewal; which does not mend the prodigal's rags, but brings him home" (p. 221).

In the fourth book, in four chapters, the claims of Christianity to be the religion of eternal life are investigated, and death is finally dismissed as but another name for life—of life when gathered upon itself, resting in a "Sabbath" from the labors of what we call a life.

The inconsistencies and vicissitudes of historic Christianity are dwelt upon tenderly, honestly. He does not make the mistake so common with literary men—that of judging spiritual and religious movements entirely by their literature or their creeds and catchwords. He does not fail to take into account that natural unconscious inconsistency, that vital

hypocrisy (if so one may term it), which always neutralizes dogmatic acids. He is not in love with that consistency which is mechanical and impossible. History, as a matter of fact, invariably disappoints the theorist who ventures into the field of prophecy. The literary critic, too, even when so keen and piercing as Friedrich Nietzsche, assumes something "consistent" to have been historic, which any one knowing human nature ought to be convinced never can be. "Competitions and antagonisms are necessary to outward integration and development." The law of love must perpetually reconcile them, yet they must continue to propagate. There is the paradox.

It is this calm resting of man's case on life, not on logic—this acceptance of the apparent contradiction—which above all else characterizes, it seems to me, the sane mysticism of Mr. Alden's book. He is a real optimist. If he cries for more and argues for more, it is because what he has seen and known he has loved. He cries, "again," "forever!" He thanks the Father for what is; evil and hell—sin itself—he accepts as God accepts them, needful to the whole, a form of life itself. Life rejoices in that play of war against itself, the division for contest, which ends in reconciliation. What we call life is the contest; what we call death is the reconciliation. Really both are one: night and day, night for day, day for night. If we live, it is to die. If we die, it is to live. Not because when alive we prefer death, or *vice versa*, but because one is spending, the other hoarding, and *both are glorious, of God*, eternally self-repeating.

In his beautiful dedication he says that "love never denied death," and so he believes "death will not deny love." New fellowships, perhaps, shall be with the same souls. Not recognitions, but cognitions. Cognitions are but recognitions. In our death we may know all our lives, and build our dream of them; in our lives we forget death and the loves that there found rest.

But we must leave the reader to the books. Let him weigh "Le Trésor des Humbles" against "The Study of Death." Let him ask himself which most subserves the

purpose of intenser and higher life. Let him choose. In any case he will do well to honor our American mystic whose genial good sense and ripe scholarship never forsake him, who is both poet and philosopher—in fact, never the one without at the same time being the other; who loves life and makes us love him. It is no fool's paradise he introduces us to. But even were it one—we ask once more in the name of common sense—"where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise"—and is the dweller in a fool's paradise such a fool after all, if it be a paradise that can last out his life? Perhaps it comforts the pessimist to consider himself "the only wise." So be it. He may *have* his wisdom—may it bury him! Only let him not be angry with us when we declare him a nuisance and a bore should he speak too plainly, and if we should ask him to demonstrate his view of the universe by bowing himself out as soon as possible! To Mr. Alden long life!

To M. Maeterlinck, at least, our respect—if not our allegiance. At all events, we will thank him most cordially for never having bored us with a long face. Such grace, roundity, embonpoint, and good fellowship, we fear, belong to an amateur pessimist only, and we accept him as a needless piece of self-contradiction, doubtless having his uses in the universe and on our book-shelves. For Mr. Alden we reserve our hearts.

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE SOUTH IN LITERATURE.

THOSE persons who proclaim that literature has but meager opportunities in the South because the South is too much absorbed in her new industrial life are usually those who do not know what literature is or what the literary life implies. Such persons look upon literature as a mere diversion, savoring more of artifice than of art, more of sentimentality than of sentiment. They think of the literary life as one of leisure, and of self-indulgence; and the genus poet comprises, in their minds, chiefly long-haired men and short-haired women.

It is true that the South has entered upon her period of industrialism, this period dating from about the year 1870. Statistics show that at that time the South began a career of unparalleled material prosperity. She began to lead a new life, not so picturesque or princely as the old ante-bellum life, but, as Mr. Grady well says, a more strenuous life, a broader and a better life.

Now it is a significant fact that the new movement in Southern literature dates also from 1870. The coincidence is not accidental; it is a confirmation of the truth that literature is the expression of life, and that there is no antagonism, therefore, between industrial activity and literary activity.

But an impartial study of the present industrial and economic conditions of the South, with the rich promise that they enfold, leads to the conclusion that greater literary triumphs are yet in store. Maurice Thompson well expresses the changed attitude when he speaks of

The South whose gaze is cast
No more upon the past,
But whose bright eyes the skies of promise sweep,
Whose feet in paths of progress swiftly leap,
And whose fresh thoughts like cheerful rivers run
Through odorous ways to meet the morning sun.

Something akin to this hopefulness, this glint of the morn-

ing sun, to which Mr. Thompson alludes, has been the precursor of every great literary movement. The Elizabethan age was great in letters because it was great in life. England, like the South of to-day, was waking to new possibilities, not only in her intellectual and religious life but in her social, commercial, and industrial life as well. The great dramatists of Elizabeth's reign did not create the imperial energy of that age; they reflected it, and thus stored its potentialities. They were the reservoirs, not the fountains. New opportunities had opened new vistas, and literary greatness went hand in hand with national prosperity.

When Shakspere speaks of

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this realm, this England,

he is but the mouthpiece of a people conscious that old things have passed away, and that a new era is dawning. And it is no idle fancy that detects a kindred spirit in Mr. Thompson's lines and those of the great Elizabethan. Do they not both breathe the new spirit of a new age? And when Shakspere wrote those lines, Elizabethan literature was only on the threshold of a yet greater splendor.

Much has been written of late to explain the literary unproductiveness of the Old South; for it is useless to deny that before the war the literary productions of the South, those of them that bid fair to hold a permanent place in American literature, were few and brief. In oratory and statesmanship the Old South challenges comparison with any section of our country, but her purely literary output did not attain national, far less international, recognition; it was, as a whole, provincial.

Northern critics, and many Southern critics as well, attribute this literary dearth to the evil influence of slavery. Did the reader ever hear of the fate that in 1831 overtook the first locomotive ever used in the South? It was purchased for a South Carolina road, but was wrecked after one year of service, because a darky, not liking the sound of the escaping steam, sat down on the safety-valve. And so our

Northern friends to-day insist that they can see a darky sitting over the safety-valve of every unsuccessful enterprise that the South engaged in before the day of emancipation.

The real cause of the comparative dearth of literature in the Old South lies deeper. We must go back to that most wonderful period in the history of our century, the ten years lying between 1830 and 1840. Few students of history will deny that those years have been the most momentous of modern times. That decade is the cradle of the new or industrial epoch, for it witnessed the first successful application of steam to transatlantic navigation and to railroading, and also the first successful use of electricity in telegraphic communication. In that decade civilization turned over a new leaf. Men came closer together. A forward step was taken toward that golden age sung by Burns,

When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Conservative old England, finding herself in an age of broadening industrialism and democracy, caught step with the march of progress; and before the first five years of the decade were gone she had emancipated all her slaves, and given the right of suffrage to her sturdy yeomanry.

It was just then that English literature, catching the inspiration of the hour and reflecting the renascent energies that surged about it, woke to a new life. That decade witnessed the rise of Tennyson, the two Brownings, Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, and Thackeray, each reflecting or interpreting the new movement in his own way. Where, then, is the antagonism between industrialism and literature?

We find Tennyson, in the first "Locksley Hall," celebrating in the same breath the triumphs of invention and the universal reign of democracy. And our own country, where the problem of democracy was being worked out on an unexampled scale, was not slow to catch the new inspiration. Previous to 1830 even New England had no literature, but before the decade closed she was represented by Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne, and

Holmes—the six names that have given the New England States their uncontested supremacy in American literature.

But why did not the South respond to this great literary and industrial movement? Because her intellectual energies were being more and more absorbed in defense of her constitutional views and her cherished institutions. The year 1830, that ushered in the great decade of opportunity to others, witnessed the memorable debate between Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and Daniel Webster—the most significant contest that the Senate of the United States has ever seen. It was the opening cannon of a struggle that was to end only on the field of Appomattox. Sectional lines began to be drawn closer and closer. The abolitionists redoubled their efforts. The South was thrown more and more on the defensive. Political ambition took the place of literary ambition, and political ambition was further stimulated by the examples of the illustrious Southern statesmen whose genius had shaped and guided the nation in her formative period.

Thus the South was more and more shut in from outside influences. Her industrial system, based on slave labor, stood as a barrier to the new industrial movement; and the enforced defense of this system, together with the political problems and prejudices that it engendered, threw literature into the background and brought oratory and statesmanship to the front.

It was not, therefore, the debasing influences of slavery that checked the literary movement; it was rather the exactions of slavery, and the insulating influences that flowed from it. Under these influences literature became not an art, but a diversion; not a purpose, but a pastime. Many beautiful thoughts, many daring flights of fancy, Southern literature of ante-bellum days undoubtedly contains; but the student of literature will turn its pages in vain for the slightest breath of the new life and new ideas that were transforming the literature of other nations.

But a change soon came, and the Old South proved that

in her hand the sword was mightier than the pen. Defeated though she was, she has accepted the arbitrament of battle, and, with an acquiescence as beautiful as it is rare, she thanks the God of battles that slavery is no more. She has adjusted herself to the changed conditions, and with the adjustment there has come a broader and more varied life.

The New South inherits the virtues of the Old, for she is the child of the Old. She will listen to no praise, she will accept no honors, that must be bought by repudiation of her past. As she looks toward the future with courage in her heart and confidence on her brow, she yet cherishes above price the record of courage and endurance that the Old South has bequeathed to her.

With new economic ideas, with an ever-increasing development of her natural resources, with a more flexible industrial system, a more rational attitude toward manual labor, and more enlightened methods of public education, there has come a literary inspiration impossible before; and the year 1870 has more than made amends for the year 1830. The words which Sidney Lanier wrote to his wife in 1870 may be taken as reflecting the new energies of the time: "Day by day . . . a thousand vital elements rill through my soul. Day by day the secret deep forces gather which will presently display themselves in bending leaf and waxy petal and in useful fruit and grain."

Hardly were those words written before Irwin Russell opened a new province to American literature by his skilful delineations of negro character. Two years later Maurice Thompson is hailed by Longfellow as "a new and original singer, fresh, joyous, and true." In 1875, Sidney Lanier attains national fame by his poem on "Corn," and the six years of life that remained to him were to be filled with bursts of imperishable song. In 1876 Joel Chandler Harris annexed the province which Irwin Russell had discovered, and "Uncle Remus" quietly assumed a place in the world's literature of humor and folk-lore never filled till then. Two years later Miss Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, set all the magazine-readers wondering at the

genius that could find literary material in the illiterate mountaineers of East Tennessee. The decade closed with the appearance in literature of George W. Cable, whose "Grandissimes" is ranked by not a few critics as second only to the "Scarlet Letter."

The next decade witnessed the advent of Thomas Nelson Page, of Virginia, and James Lane Allen, of Kentucky. Mr. Page's "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" not only presented the relation of master and slave in a new light, but furnished at the same time an exposure of the latent, though perhaps unintentional, injustice of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The historical value, therefore, to the South, of stories like these, to say nothing of their literary charm, cannot be easily overrated. Mr. Allen, in his "Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky," added another state to the Southern literary union, and spread the charm of a storied past over a region that had long ago led Henry Ward Beecher to say: "Hereafter to me the twenty-third Psalm shall read: 'He maketh me to lie down in blue-grass pastures.'"

It is pleasant also to record the cheerfulness with which the great Northern magazines opened their columns to the contributions of Southern writers. They forgot their war prejudices much more quickly than did the politicians; and to-day the literary talent of the South is accorded as ready a hearing in Boston and New York as in any city south of Mason and Dixon's line. In 1888, in the December number of the *Forum*, Judge Albion W. Tourgée, no partial critic of the South, declared that the Northern magazines had become so monopolized by Southern writers that a foreigner, reading the magazine literature of this country, would be forced to the conclusion that the literary center of the United States is to be sought not in Massachusetts or New York, but in the South. What a literary revolution since 1870 does not that remark indicate!

Is it not true that the most noteworthy portion of American literature since 1870 has been contributed by Southern writers? Thomas Carlyle once complained that there are

so many echoes in literature, and so few voices. But this complaint cannot be urged against Southern literature since 1870, for not its least charm lies in its freshness and originality. It is no variation of hackneyed themes; it repeats no twice-told tales. It has thrown open a new field; it has revealed an unsuspected wealth of beauty and suggestiveness; it is the reflection of a life responsive to romance and rich in undeveloped possibilities.

It is an interesting fact in the history of American literature that Longfellow began his career by seeking his poetical themes in the scenery and traditions of foreign lands; but the criticism of Margaret Fuller led him to see that his own country had poetical material as well as Spain and Germany. It was then that Longfellow gave to the world his trilogy of long poems dealing solely with American life; and "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and the "Courtship of Miles Standish" remain as Longfellow's surest guarantee of immortality. But Southern writers of to-day do not merit the rebuke of Margaret Fuller, for they have found their inspiration and their themes in the life that is near and dear to them. They are not rising into solitary and selfish renown: they are lifting the South with them. They are writing Southern history, because they are describing Southern life.

And what richer material for poet and novelist can be found than that offered by many of the Southern States? The contact of the French and Spanish civilizations, though destined to be casual and temporary, has left a rich deposit of romantic episode that Southern writers are only beginning to appreciate. If Washington Irving could find literary material in the Dutch settlement of New York; if James Fenimore Cooper could win renown even in France, Germany, and Italy by his stories of the northern Indian tribes; if Hawthorne and Whittier could weave the quiet scenery and sober legends of New England into imperishable prose and poetry—what may not Southern writers yet accomplish with the varied and romantic history of their own States? Is it not this Southern background that contributes no little

to the perennial charm of Thackeray's "Virginians" and Longfellow's "Evangeline?"

There is one other advantage possessed by Southern writers which cannot be overlooked in even the most cursory attempt to forecast the future of American literature. It is a truism to say that the war meant far more to the South than to the North. To the North it meant the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery. To the South it meant decimated families, smoking homesteads, and the passing forever of a civilization unique in human history. *But literature loves a lost cause, provided honor be not lost.* Hector, the leader of the defeated Trojans, the warrior slain in defense of his own fireside, is the most princely figure that the Greek Homer has portrayed. The Roman Virgil is proud to trace the lineage of his people not to the victorious Greeks, but to the defeated Trojans. The English poet laureate finds his amplest inspiration not in the victories of his Saxon ancestors over King Arthur, but in the vanquished King Arthur himself. And so it has always been: the brave but unfortunate reap always the richest measure of immortality.

I do not doubt that the strange century that is almost upon us will bring to the South new themes and new inspirations, but for the present Southern literature will continue to be retrospective. Our Walter Scott will have come before our Charles Dickens,

And in his verse shall gleam
The swords that flashed in vain;
And the men who wore the gray shall seem
To be marshaling again.

And then will be taken away forever our reproach: that of having a history unwritten by ourselves and unknown to others, for Southern history will then have been written in the living letters of a nation's song and story.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

THE WAR LYRICS OF ENGLAND.

II.

BURNS TO TENNYSON.

IT is in the timid and gentle Cowper that the spirit of genuine and unrestrained romanticism, that had vanished with the death of Milton, first manifests itself again. The bulk of Cowper's poetry is in the blank verse of "The Task;" but that he was possessed of a rare lyrical power is forcibly apparent both in the gentle sadness of the beautiful song, "To Mary," and in the fearful despair of the "Castaway." In another poem, the "Boadicea: An Ode," he displays a lyrical touch akin to the nature of that which we are discussing. It is, like his ancient

bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire;

but its fire consists rather in a patriotic indignation than in a martial glow.

To another poet—to the passionate bard who is justly ranked as the greatest love lyrist in the realms of English poetry—belongs the honor of having written the first great battle song since "Agincourt." Burns wrote several war-songs, two of which, those on the battles of Bannockburn and Sheriffmuir, are among his greatest productions. Another, on the "American War," falls far below the standard of these two; it is too diffuse; it is too given to jests, trifling, and uninteresting details; and is lacking in fire, sincerity, and patriotic indignation—blemishes, none of which a battle song can be tainted with and be great. It is only when pervaded with such a spirit as this—a spirit truly noble, a spirit truly sublime, a spirit of fiery manhood—that a battle song can be truly great:

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Of such a glorious tribute, and only such a tribute, is the memory of those glorious

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,

worthy. And, by many, this "Song of Bannockburn," is regarded as incomparably our greatest battle lyric.

But of a poem that has been denounced by one great critic as one of the poorest things Burns ever wrote, and by another great critic as the greatest war-song in the English language, can any estimate be formulated as absolutely correct? It would seem to be both safer and juster not by any means to take a middle stand between the critics, but to class the poem as one of the three greatest of English war poems.

Of the trio of poets, the so-called Lakists, who immediately followed Burns, but one wrote a war lyric. Wordsworth was a philosopher, a lover and an interpreter of nature, whom the noise and bustle of the great active world horrified. His only approach to anything of the martial type is in several magnificent sonnets, one of the most noble of which is that beginning, "Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent," written early in his life, in anticipation of a French invasion. The wonderful genius of Coleridge never departed far enough from the regions of speculative lore and mystical philosophy to make even an attempt at anything warlike. To Southey, the least gifted of the three, belongs the lone lyric referred to. We would give up without a sigh—perhaps with a chuckle—the lamentable "Joan of Arc;" but only with a struggle would we relinquish the unpretentious little "Battle of Blenheim." Southey was neither philosophical nor mystical. He was a practical, industrious man of the world; and his little battle song partakes of his nature. It is thoughtful without penetration; earnest, without fire; spirited, without recklessness; ennobling, without sublimity. It is a simple description, neither indignant nor hortative,

yet pervaded by a charm of quiet enthusiasm that will always give it a corner in the cabinet of poetry.

Both Keats and Shelley are lyrists of the highest order. But war is for the one a subject too unbeautiful; for the other a subject too unheavenly. In the fiery Byron we expect surely to find the type of poetry we are discussing. We do not, however; and, strange as it at first may appear, the deficiency is easily accounted for. With all his genius for passionate love-songs, for the most vivid descriptions of seas and mountains and tempests, for the wildest flights of sorrow and the sublimest flights of indignation—with all his genius, he lacks the noble and unselfish zeal that alone can produce great songs of honor, of patriotism, and of war. In "Childe Harold" occurs a most eloquent description of Waterloo, and in several other of his narrative poems occur similar descriptive passages; however, these are not lyrical. His only attempts at a battle song consist of two little poems, one of which is merely a translation, though an animated translation, of a famous Greek war-song. The other, a "Song of Saul before His Last Battle," is one of the most beautiful of the "Hebrew Melodies." But here, however, even through the burst of ardor and the proud disdain of death, the elegiac is very perceptible. The blending of pride and sadness results in a dirge.

It is to Byron's immediate predecessor at the pinnacle of poetic fame that our especial attention must now be given. Sir Walter Scott is the most voluminous of English war poets. There is not one of his long poems that has not war as a background; while, in several of them, almost entire cantos are devoted to the portrayal of single battles. In addition he is the author of a host of songs and ballads. The long poems demand, of course, a narrative, not a lyric, classification; but the individual passages descriptive of battle may be properly classified as long war lyrics, that may be read and enjoyed without reference to the complete poems of which they constitute parts. Of the passages of this sort, the best known are in "Marmion," the "Lady of the Lake," and the "Lord of the Isles."

The "Battle of Flodden," which occurs in "Marmion," was pronounced by Jeffrey, even at the time when the great reviews were still averse to anything romantic, "superior to anything that the author has ever written." It is certainly one of the most superb creations of Scott's genius. Save for a few faults of diction, it is perfect of its kind. There are no tedious descriptions of dresses and ceremonies, no outlandish cataloguings of the harsh names of border barons, no bombastic flights, no tame descents. "O man," said Scott, "I had many a grand gallop among those braes when I was thinking of 'Marmion.'" He composed it largely on horseback; and this circumstance has left its especial trace in the noble Flodden passage, which moves to the time-beat of a horse's hoofs. The "Battle of Beal an' Duine" stirs us yet as in the old days it stirred the dying chieftain, Roderick Dhu. So "high-swelling" is the minstrel's voice that we wonder, too,

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?

So vivid is his description of the "dagger-crest of Mar" and the "Moray's silver star," that we feel that

To hero bound for battle strife
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life
One glance at their array.

The "Lord of the Isles," as a whole, shows Scott's power much impaired; but the description of Bannockburn, in the last canto, evinces only a slight degree of this loss of strength. It is hardly comparable to the magnificent passage in "Marmion;" still, as *Blackwood's* said, we read it with "clenched hands and fiery spirits"—and what but a great poem can arouse such enthusiasm? It will remain, with its two companion pieces, forever a monument to chivalry and a tribute to Scott's poetic genius.

The more purely lyrical poems, the songs and ballads, occur partly in the novels and romances and partly in the

"Border Minstrelsy." The best of them, undoubtedly, is the song of "Bonny Dundee," in the "Doom of Devorgoil." The Covenanter period is the field of the majority of his shorter poems, as well as of many of his novels; and the character around whom they chiefly center is the famous Claverhouse. The Scotch war-note of wild exultation is characteristically prominent in this poem, and especially in this stanza:

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle-drum clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and the Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

And in it bubbles over, too, the careless and boisterous mirth of the Scottish clansman:

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

The Covenanters lost no opportunity of taking vengeance on this scourge of the border. After his defeat at Loudon, a small band of them gathered about Robert Hamilton and marched to Bothwell Hill; where, however, to their great dismay and humiliation, they were defeated by a force under Montrose and Graham himself. Their quaint sense of regret is fully portrayed in this stanza from the "Battle of Bothwell Hill:

Along the brae, along the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

The songs of the Rebellion period are equally spirited.

Busk up your plaids, my lads,
Cock up your bonnets.

This, from "Leslie's March," is the note of nearly all of them; though the "Gallant Graham" is a martial elegy relating to the execution of Montrose.

Along with these original poems, this voluminous bard

has given us, in the "Border Minstrelsy," numerous versions of the old ballads, such as "Auld Maitland" and Otterbourne."

From the standpoint, then, of mere bulk of war-poetry, Scott has perhaps no rival in the range of literature; certainly not in the range of English literature. "His meter is the true English counterpart, if there be one, of Homer." Whether or not his genius can be compared, as it was by Jeffrey, to Homer's; or his imagination, as it has been by another critic, to Shakspere's, is another question; and a question which, interesting as it may be, is alien to our discussion. It has reference to his entire poetic production; while our province is simply his lyrical war poetry. War was his delight. He loved its excitement, its pageantry, its glory. Had his lame foot not interfered with his inclinations, he would undoubtedly have been a soldier. Above all, he was sincerely chivalrous—a true knight; and his poetry reflects his character. His warfare is not cruel and cowardly; it is brave, manly, and honorable—"often fighting for the fighting's sake, but it is force against force, skill against skill," courage against courage. But is he, as *Blackwood's* pronounced him, "the greatest of all war poets?" He is not; for, in true merit, he has his superiors among English war poets. The decree of *Blackwood's* was at the time not only plausible, but very nearly correct. Scott's only rival then among English war poets was Burns. In volume he towered above his rival; in point of highest merit attained he sank below him in nearly the same degree that his description of Bannockburn sinks below Burns's poem on the same subject. Scott's poem is a glowing description, a vivid narrative; Burns's poem is an inspired song. Whether or not, in a general estimate, Burns or Scott is the greater war poet, is an open question, with the weight of testimony in the latter's favor; that Burns's "Bannockburn" is greater than any lyric of Scott's is a recognized fact, and when compared with his successors the same conditions apply. In no single lyric has he concentrated his genius. His flashes, like the clangors in Flodden, are

Not in the close successive rattle
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,
 But slow and far between.

It is for this reason alone—this failure, or inability, to concentrate his genius—that Burns, Campbell, and Tennyson excel him. His general high rank as a war poet is assured for generations.

Scott has had a number of followers in the field of Scottish history, especially in the Covenanter period. Among them is the poet whom he himself discovered. James Hogg, born of a race of Selkirkshire shepherds, was himself a shepherd when Scott came across him. His talent was recognized; he was induced to lay aside his crook for a pen, and was introduced by his patron into the literary world, in which he afterward took a prominent part as one of the projectors of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He is a genuine lyrist; nor is his genius limited to any one theme. There are few fiercer battle lays in the English language than "Lock the Door, Lariston." Its note of defiance is almost Beowulfian,

Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
 Why do the joy candles gleam in thine eye?

In

Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
 Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray,

the defiance is not so gloomy, but still more characteristic of Scotch hardihood. With the same intrepidity, to an adjuration to beware of his danger,

Jockit Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
 His hands grasped the sword with a nervous embrace.

The poem's alliteration is not less suggestive than that of Agincourt; which virtue, along with the characteristic beauty of the poem, deserves exemplification in a complete stanza:

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddisdale,
 Red as the beacon light tipped he the wold;
 Many a bold martial eye,
 Mirror'd that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Of a later date is Robert Buchanan, but he deserves

mention here as being the author of a Covenanter song scarcely less animated than that of Hogg. This poem, entitled the "Battle of Drumliemoor," is a mixture of prowess and religious zeal.

It has been previously implied in connection with Burns' great war lyric that any absolute judgment on any poetry is more or less open to question. The difficulty, first, of obtaining a general standard of comparison; next, of agreeing upon the vital points of the testimony; and lastly, of shaping these points into a comprehensive judgment—all these enter into making any literary generalization extremely hazardous. But if it is ever safe to pronounce an unqualified verdict on a subject appealing so differently to different natures as does poetry, that opportunity seems now come. The poet to whom, when the number, general merit, and highest excellence of his poems are all taken into account, belongs the highest rank among English war-poets is Thomas Campbell. As a Spenserian imitator he may be wearisome; as the "Bard of Hope" he may be pompous and effeminate; as the author of "Theodoric" he may be a mere dull, commonplace jingler; but as the lyrist of war and valor he is more dashing than Scott, as fiery as Burns, and as noble as Tennyson. He is the author of not less than a dozen war-songs, not one of which is even so bad as mediocre; of which there are three not equaled, much less excelled, by any trio of songs by any other English poet, not even Tennyson; and of which trio, there is at least one unsurpassed by any other war lyric in the range of English literature. This trio consists of "Hohenlinden," the "Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England;" the especially great poem is "Hohenlinden." For these judgments there is to be offered no one particular reason. The basis of them is in neither diction nor measure, in neither subject nor style. It is in the combination of them all, a combination producing such an effect on the poetic sensibility and on all the higher sensibilities as can be surpassed in purity, fire, and dignity of inspiration by the effect of no other English battle song.

With Burns's "Bannockburn" we rank Campbell's "Hohenlinden" as one of the three greatest war lyrics in our literature. It has been described by one enthusiast as "the only representative of a modern battle which possesses either interest or sublimity." This is significant, but it is not true. Scott called it "glorious," and Washington Irving said of it and "Lochiel" that they were "exquisite gems, sufficient of themselves to establish his title to the sacred name of poet." These judgments are also significant; they are, in addition, correct. The picturesqueness and solemn cadence of some stanzas, the awe and "dreadful reverly" of others, the stately rhythm and lofty tone of the whole, lift the poem into the noble rank it occupies and will occupy for generations to come.

On poems so well known as the other lays of Campbell's noble trio it is almost superfluous to make any comment. They are but an infant's span beneath the zenith. Take unto your memories, the genius of poetry seems to urge, transplant into your hearts, ye cottagers, ye poets, ye statesmen, "Ye Mariners," that magnificent naval ode—and

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

But hear, ye vanquishers and ye vanquished, from the same "adamantine lips," a word

Of Nelson and the North—
And the prince of all the land

of lyric battle blossoms will lead you on, and

While the billow mournful rolls,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave,

shall the "Battle of the Baltic" stir your own.

There is still another trio of Campbell's war-gems whose position in the poetic heaven is at an infinite distance above the horizon. The stanzas in which

The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine,
to immortalize the "21st of March, the day of victory in
Egypt," are sublime if for no other reason than that mighty
exclamation,

Peace to the mighty dead!

The poem that commemorates the victory of the Greek patriots over the Turkish-Egyptian fleet at Navarino is a mirror of duty and honor, of valor and manhood:

And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
Their watchword humanity's vow;
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause but mankind
Owes a garland to honor his brow.

The indignation uttered in these lines against the "abettors of massacre" and the denunciation hurled at the "base hearts that will question the fame" of their dead brave are, in spirit, strangely familiar to us, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, in the wrathful verses of an indignant Watson.

The patriotic and fiery appeal inspired by the threatened invasion of 1803, we shall leave, further unpraised, to the reader's own appreciation. Neither is it necessary to enumerate the remainder of Campbell's war lyrics, nor to make any further comment, save this, that not one of them is unworthy of the author of "Hohenlinden."

Deserving mention here, because of its commemoration of Nelson's greatest victory, is the "Battle of Trafalgar," by Francis Turner Palgrave. The poem is marred, except in the opening and closing stanzas, by the length of the line, a fault, along with another yet more serious, only too common in the nineteenth-century battle lays. The more serious fault is the tendency to minute, and even technical, description. The result is a lack of force, without which a battle song cannot rise to the height of inspired grandeur. Palgrave's poem is free, however, from this latter blemish.

It is spirited and dignified, and not unworthy of comparison with Campbell's commemoration of Nelson's victory in the Baltic. There is an unusually lofty sonorousness in the opening quatrain:

Heard ye the thunder of battle
Low in the south and afar?
Saw ye the flash of the death-cloud
Crimson o'er Trafalgar?

while in this single couplet there is a dignity that will ever give a charm to the poem:

Which were the bravest, who can tell? for both were gallant and true,
But the greatest seamen were ours, of all that sailed o'er the blue.

The "Baltic Fleet," by the philanthropist, Earnest Charles Jones, is not unworthy of its generous and high-minded author; but it does not admit of comparison with either Campbell's or Palgrave's naval poem. Jones is the author of a collection of historical lyrics of some merit.

Lord Macaulay is better known as a brilliant essayist and historian than as a poet; and the tendency now among the higher critical authorities is to disparage entirely his title to that dignity. Matthew Arnold attacked it with vehemence, almost with bitterness. Macaulay is certainly not a great poet, but he is the author of several excellent poems; and, however emphatically the critics may pronounce their verdict of disparagement, he will still remain, among certain classes, a favorite bard. After Scott he is the favorite poet of boys; while so eminent a person as Elizabeth Barrett Browning was so stirred by his ardor that she "could scarcely," she wrote, "ever read his ballads and keep lying down." His lays of ancient Rome are more widely read than his battle lays; nevertheless, among the latter there are three—"Naseby," the "Armada," and "Ivry"—that are far from being unknown. They consist of plain historical facts directly told in a simple yet vividly imaginative style. Their versification is flawless but without variety, and for this reason apt to become wearisome. Though without the deeply inspiring note of the greatest battle poems, they have much energy of movement; and though their note is often

harsh, it is the brazen harshness of the trumpet, breathing a spirit of manly prowess. Moreover, they display descriptive power of a high order, while the stately, regular roll of their rhythm renders them especially adapted to declamation. "Naseby" is a most effective embodiment of the gloomy fearlessness, the dogged endurance, the almost demoniacal intolerance, and the "bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron" vindictiveness of the Puritan spirit. "Fools," yells the victorious Roundhead to the fallen Cavaliers:

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the miter and the crown.

"Ivry," on the other hand, is an equally effective embodiment of the spirit of chivalry. It opens with a sort of grand trumpet flourish, characteristic of the entire poem:

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Both these poems, as well as the "Armada," are fully worthy of their rude but hardy ancestors, the old English and Scottish ballads.

Along with Macaulay's Puritan ballad of "Naseby," it is proper to mention the similar Cavalier ballad of "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor," by Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Just as Macaulay has depicted the Puritan character, Praed has expressed in his poem, though with not quite so much felicity, the Royalist spirit of gaiety and bravado, of dashing courage, and of contempt for the curlless-pated Roundhead:

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Yet still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
"Church and king, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave;
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Walter Thornbury is a poet known chiefly to schoolboys, through the spirited ballad beginning

Trample, trample, went the roan.

He is also the author of some lively Cavalier and Jacobite songs of war, among the best of which is the one in which

"Passion o' me!" cried Sir Richard Tyrone.

Another, the "Three Troopers," portrays vividly and with genuine humor the spirit of careless gallantry and heartless bravado that characterized the partisans of Charles II.:

Into the Devil tavern
 Three booted troopers strode,
 From spur to feather spotted and splashed
 With the mud of a winter road.
 In each of their cups they dropped a crust,
 And stared at the guests with a frown;
 They drew their swords, and roared for a toast,
 "God send this Crum-well down."

The discussion of this group of battle ballads may be appropriately terminated with a reference to William Motherwell's dashing "Cavalier Song," the first fiery words of which stand at the head of our essay. Most truly are we aroused to believe, when we read them, that

All else to noble hertes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighinge of the war horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangour of the trumpet lowde,
 Be sounds from heaven that come;
 And O! the thundering presse of knighthes
 When as their war-cryes swell,
 May toll from heaven an angel brighte,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

The "Trooper's Ditty," though not so fiery, starts out almost as stirringly:

Boot, boot into the stirrups, lads.

Although chiefly a *vers-de-société* poet, Motherwell never wholly deserted the realm of war-song. In his later efforts in this realm, however, he turned from a period of literary history that had been so nearly exhausted by bards of the Scott and Macaulay type to a period of poetry that had

scarcely been touched since the days of Gray. He is in his Norse poems a link between Gray and William Morris. The exploits of the Vikings excited his emotions into an outburst of song whose prototype is in the old Anglo-Saxon poetry of gloomy valor and the nobility of death in war. A characteristic specimen is this extract from the "Sword Chant of Thorstein Randi:"

The music I love is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When their arm wields Death's sickle,
And garners the grave,
Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

The most ambitious, perhaps, of all English patriotic lyrics—certainly the most ambitious of his own—is Lord Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." This noble poem, however, with many others of a similar aspiration—an aspiration foreign to our subject in nothing but form—it has been deemed best to exclude from our discussion. It is to the "Charge of the Light Brigade" that we turn for Tennyson's noblest war lyric. And it is the same glorious "Charge" that, with "Bannockburn" and "Hohenlinden," constitutes the supreme outburst in English war poetry. No more, though, than for ranking Burns's and Campbell's songs as they have been ranked, can explicit, much less technical, reasons be given for placing with them at the pinnacle of poetic martial luster the song of Tennyson. The light of the stars is there, since our eyes behold it and are dazzled, and since we must believe our eyes; the light of these song-stars is there, since the soul beholds it and is enraptured, and since we must confide in our souls. The light of the stars can be analyzed by the scientist, but the light of these song-stars is too divine for analysis by any spectroscope. They have been hurled from the flaming nebula of inspiration upward into the firmament; they glow by virtue of their own effulgence as a single star in the zenith; they dart their dazzling radiance into the soul and fire it with a mighty, a glorious thirst.

As to how much, or, more properly, how little, Tennyson is indebted for this great war poem to Drayton's ballad of "Agincourt," it is impossible to conclude. Art may perfect, but only genius can create. That Tennyson knew Drayton's poem is not only plausible, but, considering his scholarliness, almost a matter of certainty. That he may, in his early metrical exercises, have even practised on the very meter and stanza of Drayton's poem is not at all improbable. But that, merely by knowing Drayton's poem and having exercised himself often in its poetic movement, he could have produced an immortal poem of the same sort himself, is not only not plausible, but it is absurd to suppose. Great poems are not forged out of words and meters and stanzas; they are born of genius impassioned by inspiration; and their form, like the inspiration that fathers them, is something spiritually spontaneous. The short line and impulsive movement of Tennyson's poem is especially suggestive of the dash and clamor of war. It is, more than any other, the form that is apt to embody the thoughts of a mind stirred by martial inspiration. It may even be allowed, without conceding an iota toward disproving the genuineness of Tennyson's lyric, that the measure of Drayton's poem may have made an unusually vivid impression upon a mind so susceptible to fine poetic effects, and that, when that mind was under a similar creative inspiration of its own, its thoughts, through an unfailing psychological law, resolved themselves unconsciously into the impress so early and so vividly received. More than this, if even this, the "Charge of the Light Brigade" does not owe to "Agincourt." It is too sublime a poem to be an imitation. It is so sublime a poem that it can have sprung from naught else than inspiration; and inspiration is the state of a sensitive mind stirred by thoughts and aspirations of its own into extreme, unfathomable emotions.

The "Defense of Lucknow" and the "Revenge" are essentially ballads of heroic action, without the inspiring element of Tennyson's greatest war poem. The blemish of the Lucknow ballad is the occasional extreme length of the

lines. A line of sixteen syllables in the hands of a poetaster would be torturing; in the hands of even so consummate an artist as Tennyson it is wearisome:

Havelock, baffled, or beaten, or butchered for all that we knew;
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still shattered
walls
Millions of musket-bullets and thousands of cannon-balls;
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Otherwise, both poems are noble outbursts, fully worthy of the genius of the great laureate. The "Ballad of the Fleet" is placed in the rank of his noblest productions—a rank into which it is lifted by even this single stanza:

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her
shame,
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no
more.
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

In his translation of the old Brunanburgh poem Tennyson has returned to his magnificent "Light Brigade" short line. Several stanzas are in a longer line, but without sustaining injury in the variation. The "Boadicea" is by its own avowal merely an experiment; and it is an experiment which, though not a failure, is still not a success. Of the effort to produce certain effects of sounds and scenery by the judicious choice of words and meter, it is certainly a striking example; and of the gloomy, wrathful, Celtic queen it is certainly a most vivid picture. But beyond this it has few attractions, none whatever for one desiring to read a truly musical poem. It is rather a piece of impassioned oratory. The Beowulfian effect of such a line as this, however, cannot be denied:

Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-ax, unexhausted, inexorable!

"Balaklava" suffers disastrously in the comparison that it instantly suggests with the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

The war-song of the aged Tennyson bears almost the same inferior relation to the great war-song of the youthful Tennyson as a war poet of the age of Anne bears to a war poet of the age of Victoria. Still, it is only as the war-song of a Tennyson that it is feeble. As a war-song of an Addison it would be a gem among Augustan lyrics.

Tennyson's great contemporary, Browning, has written nothing that can properly be classed as a war lyric. His nearest approaches to anything of the kind are in the beautiful sea ballad of "Hervé Riel," and in several spirited Cavalier tunes: "Marching Along," "Boot and Saddle," and "Give a Rouse."

But there still remain, deserving of a more complete discussion than our space allows, a number of nineteenth-century bards of war, among the best of whom is Gerald Massey, the original of George Eliot's character of "Felix Holt." As a war poet he stands among the highest of modern lyrists beneath the first rank. His long ballad of "Inkermann," though not, as it has been designated, the best of English battle lyrics, is a noble poem; "Sir Richard Grenville's Last Fight," founded on the same incident as Tennyson's "Revenge," is a spirited ballad, though it will not bear comparison with the laureate's poem; while in two collections, "War Waits" and the "Sea Kings," he gives further evidence of a genuine poetic talent.

Even more worthy of its fame than any of Massey's lyrics is Robert Hawker's "Song of the Western Man," which, from its simplicity, unartificiality, and quaint, light-hearted vivacity, is worthy of a high place in English song. Of all three charms its opening stanzas are excellent specimens:

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.

Scarcely less deserving of praise is Peacock's "War-Song of Dinas Vawr." In charm of simplicity and dignity of movement it is nearly equal to Hawker's; and inferior to that only in sentiment—an inferiority due not to any baseness in the author's own nature, but to the very purpose of the poem. It is, in fact, a triumphant chant of rapacious warfare, "crackling," as a great living critic has said of Peacock's genius in general, "with a kind of ghastly merriment that inspires quite as much terror as amusement." Still another of these "many bright droplets" is a little song occurring in Sir Henry Taylor's drama of "Edwin the Fair." Its concise portrayal of the troops in their position deserves quoting:

Wessex warriors, rank by rank,
Rose on Avon's hither bank;
Mercia's men in fair array
Looked at them from Marraway.

William E. Aytoun is the author of some "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," a collection of ballads on the order of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," the best among them being the beautiful, stirring song of the "Heart of the Bruce."

Among our poetesses there is little evidence of a talent for martial song. They have not, by no means to their discredit, succeeding in overcoming the innate tenderness and timidity of womanhood. Dora Greenwell has revealed considerable faculty for ballad poetry; but even in her nearest approach to a war-song, the "Battle-Flag of Sigurd," she merely tells a stirring legend from Norse mythology. Mrs. Hemans makes even a less-defined martial effort in her beautiful "Ballad of Roncesvalles;" while Mrs. Norton gives us but the tender shade of a battle song in "Bingen on the Rhine." Let us now close this brief enumeration with a reference to the famous "Battle Song" of Ebenezer Elliott—a lyric which, though provoked primarily as a political poem, deserves, both from its subject and its spirit, to be classed as a martial lyric. More even than this does it deserve: it is a martial lyric of a very high order. In its powerful metrical strokes we can fancy ourselves hearing the deep,

proud ring from the anvil of the Yorkshire foundryman; while in the fancied spark leaps forth the fiery spirit of a truly manly ardor. And in this manly ardor, in this fiery spirit of the verse of the toiling poet-mechanic, is ample refutation of many a sneering assertion of both the literary and the social pessimist. The spark of the heroic in English poetry—the spark of English heroism, the spark of American valor, is far from fled. It may flutter, it may seem to fade;

But, dark and still, we only glow,
Condensed in ire.

Such is the spirit that resisted an Armada; such is the spirit that two centuries later struggled into American independence. Such is the spirit that lifts the battle-songs of England immeasurably above those of an equally fiery but less persevering France; such the spirit that lifts them, with their hardy brother songs of German valor, to the level of the best in the world's song literature. Inspiration and aspiration—manly thought and fiery feeling—a plain, vigorous diction, and a simple, noble style, these are the highest marks of a great martial poetry; and the martial poetry of the English race has them all.

LEO LOEB.

POPULAR PAGAN LITERATURE OF THE SECOND CHRISTIAN CENTURY.

FROM the works of a group of second century writers it is possible to cull curious illustrations of that religious revival which marked the era. Lucian of Samosata may be considered a fair representative of the scepticism, or rationalism, which this movement made its aim to combat, and so it will be well first to take a glance at him.

Although it is impossible to ascertain, so Lucian seems to argue, which one of the scores of philosophical systems, creeds, and mythologies be the true ones, yet their remains always one way open—to try to find out whether they may not, all and every one, be equally false. Lucian sets absolutely no store by dogmas, whether religious or philosophical, but it would be missing the truth to suppose that he has reached his unbelieving standpoint by the way of profound or even systematic thinking. The fact is, like so many other artistic natures, Lucian lacked all aptitude for abstract speculation. Possessed in a remarkable degree of the quick observation, the nice sense of the outward characteristics of persons and things, and the intense delight in harmonious arrangement and beautiful form, which all go to make the true artist—he had the misfortune to be born at a period when art, and the understanding of art, were rapidly dying out. An eloquent sophist, Dion Chrysostom, had deliberately laid the growth of religious materialism at the door of Grecian sculpture, and the general trend of philosophical doctrine was toward the glorification of the mind, the impalpable, to the disparagement of what may be enjoyed directly by the senses. The time was not far distant when Neoplatonism was to command man to hate his body, and matter in general. The triumphal arches and columns erected in Rome from Trajan down to Septimius Severus form, if taken in conjunction with the series of busts of the contemporary emperors, one of the most striking object-lessons in the decline

of sculpture anywhere to be found. No longer was the sculptor's art one that made him the worthy associate of the rulers of the state, as Pheidias had been of Pericles. It had sunk down to the level of ordinary handicraft, and an ambitious youth like Lucian, although himself the son of a carver of statues, would naturally shrink from adopting such a mean trade. So he set about becoming what at that hour was frequently a charmer, occasionally even a leader, of men—a sophist or rhetorician.

Dion Chrysostom had been the friend and adviser of Trajan. The great of this world, beginning with the emperors, quoted *Ælius Aristides* somewhat after the fashion in which, sixteen centuries later, the Emperor of Brazil and similar eminent personages quoted Victor Hugo. But even Dion, and still more Aristides, were often in their work nothing but jugglers with phrases, and a man of the positive cast of mind of a Lucian could not fail soon to sicken of the trickery which the profession of a sophist inevitably demanded of its votaries. At the same time his instinctive love of perfection of form would make him ever scorn the thought of joining one of the philosophical clans, equally uncouth as they were in garb and speech. Another age might have seen him turn to comedy as the adequate vehicle for his rare talent, but the stage of his own day—being only an exhibition of empty, noisy circus performances—could offer him no attraction. So he took to the writing of dialogues, some of which possess the distinction of being the only examples of high literary art in the age in which they were written, and, in fact, are superior as such to anything since Ovid, and to the entire production of the next thousand years.

While undeniably Lucian's writings furnish interesting contributions to the knowledge of contemporaneous thought and speech, their chief merits are of a kind purely esthetic. The inconsistency and absurdity of sundry mythological characters and incidents had been laid bare by others before him, and so had the insincerity of numerous philosophers. It is not, then, by his qualities as a teacher or thinker that we are drawn toward Lucian. In an age of restless doubt and

unsatisfied longings his mind remained serene because he was able to content himself with the work right before him, laughing meanwhile at those ever-changing fancies by which most other people were endeavoring to feed their spiritual cravings. Still happier was he on account of his talent for modulating into unforgettable cadences that irresponsible laugh of his. For no joy is more enduring and unalloyed than that of the artist on beholding his work well finished.

In this connection it is irrelevant whether Lucian really flattered himself that he had a moralizing intention in choosing the subject-matter of certain of his dialogues. However sincerely on some occasions he may have desired to point a lesson or compose a sermon, he was constitutionally incapable of so doing. And small was the loss, even from the moralist's point of view, for it was not long until everywhere in the empire goodly crowds were applying themselves most zealously to that very task.

A fast-growing revival of not only religious but superstitious fervor may be traced throughout the years of the reign of Marcus Aurelius. It imparts a peculiar character to the whole literary production of the ages, tingeing even the somewhat dry pages of a traveler like Pausanias. The manner in which unavoidable contemporaneous influence battles with a naturally sceptical and matter-of-fact disposition makes certain passages of this writer curious reading. Speaking of the Amphilochian oracle in Cilicia, he styles it "the most reliable of those still in existence," and another such source of inspired information he characterizes as "one that tells no lies"—thus implying that these divine mouthpieces may, indeed, now and then be caught fibbing.

Doubtless as Pausanias grew older the desire to believe grew upon him as it did on his contemporaries. "There was a time (so runs a confession of his¹) when I used to ridicule the tales of mythology, but at present I acknowledge that there may be wisdom hidden beneath them, and, anyway, in regard to divine matters we should always abide by traditional teachings."

¹"Græcie Descriptio," ed. Kuhn, VIII., 8.

But even when speaking as a believer, Pausanias remains cold. It is in the African Apuleius of Medaura that we may observe the reckless outburst of delight in believing, praying, and adoring. Apuleius is aware of the existence of unbelievers among his contemporaries, and heartily disapproves of their opinions,¹ yet he wishes to discriminate. There is a certain formal, though punctual, discharge of one's religious duties which may be found to be a cloak, hiding either callous indifference or superstitious fear; in either case it is an insult to the gods.² True piety consists in fervent devotion and upright conduct.³

On the other hand, although Apuleius despises the unity of the divine principle back of the various forms under which mankind renders homage to it,⁴ his is not a mind to be satisfied with the somewhat colorless deism of an Epictetus. He prides himself on knowing thoroughly a number of different beliefs and cults, and claims to have studied them "for the love of truth." Whenever he finds something to admire in any particular religion, he prostrates himself with all the enthusiasm of his fervent soul. His favorite deity, however, is that chief goddess of the Eastern world, whose sway by this time was becoming acknowledged as fully in the West, and especially at Rome, the great Mother Cybele, or Rhea Sylvia. Do not tell him that she and the other gods hold no intercourse with human beings, and are deaf to all our entreaties. He knows better, although what he gives as his grounds for this knowledge of his might not pass muster before a court of logicians. The gods not interested in our affairs? To whom, then, should I pray? to whom make vows? to whom render sacrifice? Whom were I to invoke throughout my life as the helper in adversity, the lover of right, the enemy of wrong?⁵

Fortunately, things are quite otherwise. The very sight

¹ "De Deo Socratis," 668.

² l. c. 668.

³ "Bona Cupidi Animi," *Ibid.*, 687, *conf.* 697.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 669; "Metamorph.," XI., *passim*.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 672.

of the statue of his goddess thrills the author with indescribable delight, and this is how he addresses her: "O holy and untiring protectress of the human race, ever-bountiful helper of the mortals, true mother to all that suffer! No day, no night, no point of time, however infinitesimal, goes by but it is marked by some benefit of thine! Heaven adores thee, Hades is prostrate before thee. Thou keepest the world moving in its orbit; thou lightest the sun, governest the earth, and tramplest Tartarus under feet! The stars obey thee, the gods rejoice in thee, the elements are thy slaves! But words fail me to express my admiration of thy grandeur! All I am able to accomplish in my poor devotion is, deep in the hidden recesses of my soul, to contemplate thy divine countenance and most holy majesty."¹

This fervor is justified; the great mother has revealed herself to him, telling him to live happy under her guidance, and making the promise that once his course here on earth is run, and he has descended to the dwellings of the dead, he will still behold her there, adore her and enjoy her protection.² Small wonder, then, that he worships her with unflagging zeal, preparing under prayer and fasting for initiation into her mysteries, ever burning to propagate devotion to her, and, no doubt, heartily joining in the exhortation of her priest, when a miracle has been performed by her power: "Let the infidels behold this! Let them behold it and acknowledge their error! And that thou (the man benefited by the miracle) may live more safely, join thou this holy militia, to which some day thou wilt be proud to belong! Consecrate thyself to the service of our religion, put on voluntarily the yoke of its ministry! For not until thou shalt have begun to serve the goddess wilt thou in truth enjoy the blessings of liberty."³

¹ "Metam.," XI., 257, 258. It is perfectly allowable to identify Apuleius with the hero of his romance, Lucius, as far as religious sentiments and opinions are concerned. In Book XI., at the point where Lucius is to be initiated into the mysteries, the author suddenly substitutes *Madaurensis* (*i. e.*, Apuleius himself) for Lucius, who has throughout been spoken of as a native of Greece.

² XI., 242. ³ XI., 249.

With all his irrationality, Apuleius is still shrewd and quick-witted, something of a poet, and a student and admirer of Plato to boot. Hence he may not be taken as fully typifying the notions and aspirations of the vulgar mind. To get acquainted with these, we must turn to a popular writer like Claudius *Ælian*, who was probably a contemporary of the African author.¹ *Ælian* presents the not infrequent combination of a well-meaning man with a matchless fool. His literary production shows us the caricature of the contemporaneous religious movement. All its leading ideas are here, but in a thoroughly flattened and diluted condition. As chatty as a magpie, as credulous as an old woman, he rambles along, picking up thousands of anecdotes, incidents of history, traits of animal life, jokes, silly gossip, and plain, bare-faced lies, telling everything over again in his own peculiar gibberish, which makes all subjects equally platitudinous. No writer ever manifested such a prodigious talent for the commonplace. As related by him, the story of the voluntary death of the Indian philosopher, Calanus, impresses one exactly as much or as little as his account of a dog fight.

And yet his books are of considerable historical value, illustrating, as they do, the tastes and tendencies of the masses for whom they were written, and by whom they were no doubt ravenously devoured. Verily, *Ælian* had a feast to spread before them. Here were tales of bloodshed and adventure, of virtue enthroned and vice hurled down to Tartarus, stories of kings and sorcerers, thieves and heroes, elephants and storks. And ever and anon was inserted a brief moral or religious speech; most inappropriately, to be sure, from a literary standpoint, but calculated to make the uncritical reader swell with the gratifying conviction that his perusal of these books was a matter of importance, a sort of sacred task, entitling him to sit in judgment on his fellow men, and judge them none too leniently either.

¹ It is somewhat uncertain when *Ælian* lived. There is, I think, internal evidence enough to assign him to the latter part of the second century, but even though he should be put in a period slightly later, this would in nowise alter his place, such as it is, in the history of human thought.

It is this moralizing quality that distinguishes Ælian's books from such productions as the writings of Phlegon of Tralles. The latter displays, as fully as Ælian, the credulous curiosity of the age, and he is precisely as devoid of literary talent. His books on the Olympiads, long-lived people, and "Wonders" contained little but brief notes of ghostly apparitions, women turned into men, births of two-headed boys, of children shaped like dogs or apes, and kindred prodigies; heads that spoke after having been cut off from the body, men who lived to be one hundred and thirty-six years, and more of a character equally startling. Of sound judgment or criticism there is absolutely none. But Phlegon was a freedman of Hadrian, very likely a member of his household, making his collection of strange and gruesome stories at the instance of the emperor himself, and thus prevented from floundering into the crowning ludicrousness of making his bearded ladies and other freaks the text of virtuous harangues.¹ No such considerations clogged the flight of Ælian. In his books sermonizing piety ran riot. It is easy to see from them that bantering the celestial powers was no longer good taste. Speaking of the famous pugilist, Nicodorus, who, in his old age became a legislator of some note, chiefly through the assistance of the unbelieving philosopher, Diagoras, Ælian suddenly breaks off, exclaiming: "I had something more to say about Nicodorus, but I must stop here, or else I should appear to be praising Diagoras. It is disagreeable for me to have to mention that man at all, for he was an enemy of the gods."² And with what intense satisfaction he expatiates on the piety of the barbarians: "Who would not extol their wisdom, seeing that none of them ever lapsed into atheism, nor expressed any doubt as to whether the gods exist or guide our affairs? On the contrary, they have always maintained that there were gods who cared for us, and gave warning of future events, by

¹ The fragments extant of Phlegon are printed in Müllerus: "Fragm. Historic. Graec.," III., pp. 602 ff.

² "Varia Historia," II., 23.

birds, intestines, and other tokens. Nay, they even aver that much is portended by dreams and the stars.¹

No less delightful a task is it for him to render detailed account of all sorts of prodigies, particularly, of course, such as come about by way of divine judgment upon wicked people. But then anything in the miraculous line is recorded as soon as he hears of it. The lake Copais bellowed like a bull to warn the Thebans of the approach of the angry Alexander; a spring was suddenly observed flowing with blood for the same purpose.² There is a story of how a certain Macareus was punished by the gods for his cruelty, which reads like a burlesque on certain modern novels of horror: in a few lines a pile of corpses is raised before our eyes. But then one could never paint in too lurid colors what befalls evil-doers and atheists. For example, it is rumored that dead men's spinal cords became transformed into snakes. Now for this Ælian dare not vouch, but of one thing he feels assured, that if there be any truth to it at all, it is only bad men's spines that undergo such a dreadful change! And if so, it serves them right.³

The power of the gods is, indeed, wonderfully revealed, even in the dumb beasts. Thus on Crete no venomous nor otherwise injurious animals are found. And why so? Simply because Jupiter granted this privilege to the island where he had been reared. The fact itself is established beyond all doubt, for when Libyan snake-charmers visit Crete, they have to bring with them African sand in which to keep their reptiles. As long as they stay there, no harm comes to them, but the moment they crawl out upon Cretan ground they die.⁴

Ælian has a good deal to say about the pure life of certain animals—pigeons, for instance—while he severely censures the loose morals of partridges.⁵ But of all brutes his

¹ II., 31.

² XII., 57.

³ "De Hist." Animal I., 53.

⁴ I. c. V., 2.

⁵ III., 5.

heart goes out most readily to the elephant. It is not so much that this quadruped never fails to display a violent dislike of conjugal infidelity, not among his own kind only, but also where the guilty parties are human beings. This is, of course, praiseworthy, but then it is a quality found likewise in the stork and the dog, not to mention that most virtuous water-fowl, the Sultan-hen (*porphyrion*), which is exceedingly particular on this point.¹ No, it is the religious inclinations of the elephant—noticed, by the way, by earlier writers,² but not with any particular enthusiasm—that meet with such hearty response from Ælian. These big animals are said to tear branches off the trees and wave them toward the new moon as in supplication. That they venerate the rising sun is a well-authenticated fact, for they raise their trunks to it like a hand. “And then,” the writer again cries out, “there are many gifted with reason who dispute the existence of God, and even, if perchance admitting that much, doubt whether he governs human life.”³

Elsewhere Ælian tells of a certain Euphronius, a disciple of Epicurus, who, when taken seriously ill, was by his parents brought to the temple of Æsculapius. Here the oracle prescribed that he burn the books of his favorite philosopher, mix the ashes with soft wax, rub his stomach with this salve, and wrap it all up in a bandage.⁴ It was the burning of one of Epicurus’ works by Alexander of Abonoteichos that drew from Lucian one of his very scarce outbursts of deeply felt indignation and admiration—indignation at Alexander, and admiration for the book which, he says, is capable of producing such great peace of mind, courage, and liberty.

Lucian and Ælian differed on every subject of any im-

¹ VII., 21; VIII., 19; XI., 15. In his recently published book, “La Cathédrale,” so replete with curious and fascinating ecclesiastical lore, K. J. Huysmans seems to be unaware of the purely pagan origin of this belief regarding the porphyrion.

² Pliny: “Hist. Nat.” VIII., 1. Martial calls the elephant “*docile animal et religiosum.*” Ep. I., 15 and 109.

³ I. c. IV., 9; VII., 39.

⁴ “Fragments on Providence and Apparitions,” ed. Hesche, 89.

portance; the former characterizes suicide from religious motives, which *Ælian* glorifies, as an act of silliness and vanity. And, strange though it may seem, in a certain sense it is disputable which of the two was the wiser, he who maintained throughout an attitude of scepticism and smiling indifference, shared by few at the time, and soon to be abhorred by all, or he who resolutely joined the monster chorus of voices clamoring for intense faith, unquestioning submission to dogma, and miracles in profusion.

JOAKIM REINHARD.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.¹

THIS is a most interesting biography of an earnest, affectionate, high-minded Christian woman. Sufficient time has elapsed since the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" wrote her thrilling and dramatic tale of slavery in the South to allow the record of her life to be read dispassionately, and, we hope, reviewed in a spirit of fairness and with full appreciation of her genius and merit. When one has read the book through, perhaps the two impressions which stand out most clearly in the reviewer's mind are, first, the perfect sincerity of Mrs. Stowe, and along with this the feeling, which has by this time become a conviction, that she was, of all others, the one person pointed out by heredity and environment to be the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Being what she was and living where she did, on the borders of a slave State, witnessing scenes and incidents that deeply touched her naturally sensitive and emotional temperament, the book was inevitable, or, as she herself said, "It made itself."

All this the editor, Mrs. Fields, has brought out with admirable skill and with a cumulative power that does her great credit. All that one wants to know, and that the reading public may be said to have a right to know, is here unfolded with the minimum of comment and explanation. The picture that she has drawn for us, or rather has allowed Mrs. Stowe to give of herself, is very realistic, and enlists our sympathies from the beginning.

As a child Harriet Beecher early gave evidence of that awakening intelligence that was to make her famous among the famous women of her day. Imagine a child of ten writing a composition on such a subject as this: "Can the Immortality of the Soul Be Proved by the Light of Nature?" But if the theme chosen seems to be extraordinary in one so young, what shall be said of the treatment. One scarcely

¹"Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe." Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

knows whether to be more amused than astonished at the concluding paragraph of this remarkable essay: "Never, till the blessed light of the gospel dawned on the borders of the pit and the herald of the cross proclaimed 'Peace on earth and good will to men,' was it that bewildered and misled man was enabled to trace his celestial origin and destiny." Along with this literary curiosity a drama called "Cleon," written when she was a schoolgirl, deserves to be classed. This was a poem in blank verse, and, if one may judge from the printed extracts, gave promise of considerable literary power. There are passages that make one regret that Mrs. Stowe did not devote more of her time to the writing of poetry.

We feel, in reading of these early years of awakening intelligence, that we are really being made acquainted with conditions that are necessary to a proper understanding of Mrs. Stowe's character as she emerges from her obscurity into the sudden glare of literary fame. In order to form a correct judgment of the impassioned, high-minded woman of 1854, it is first necessary to know the young, sensitive, and impressionable girl of 1825. For this reason that portion of her biography deserves to be carefully read and studied. And in this connection no experience of her life throws more light upon her character than her religious conversion, which is so graphically told in her own words on page 50:

It was about this time that I first believed myself to be a Christian. I shall ever remember that dewy fresh summer morning. I knew that it was a sacramental Sunday, and thought with sadness that when all the good people should take the sacrificial bread and wine I should be left out. I came into church quite dissatisfied with myself, and as I looked upon the pure white cloth, the snowy bread, and shining cups of the communion table I thought with a sigh: "There won't be anything for me to-day; it is all for these grown-up Christians." Nevertheless, when father began to speak I was drawn to listen by a certain pathetic earnestness in his voice. Forgetting all his hair-splitting distinctions and dialectic subtleties, he spoke in direct, simple, tender language of the great love of Christ and his care for the soul.

Continuing, she thus describes the effect of the sermon upon her:

I sat intent and absorbed. "Oh, how much I need just such a friend!" I thought to myself. Then the awful fact came over me that I had never had any conviction of my sins, and consequently could not come to him. I longed to cry out, "I will," when my father made his passionate appeal, "Come, then, and trust your soul to this faithful Friend." Like a flash it came over me that if I needed conviction of sin he was able to give me even this also. I would trust him for the whole. My whole soul was illumined with joy, and as I left the church to walk home it seemed to me as if nature herself were hushing her breath to hear the music of heaven.

We are not surprised, after reading this account, to learn that Mrs. Stowe claimed to have visions. If she had lived in the fifteenth century, she might have been a second Maid of Orleans, whose mission it was to rekindle the national ardor and who claimed to receive revelations from heaven. Like Mrs. Browning, she was a firm believer in spiritualism, and the two are strangely alike. We note the same intense spiritual fervor, the same deep sympathy with the oppressed, the same willingness to espouse the cause of suffering humanity. She who wrote the "Cry of the Children" and the "Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" might, under similar conditions, have written "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mrs. Stowe's religious experience, as her son tells us, might have gone on developing as sweetly and naturally as the opening of a flower, if her sensitive soul had not been turned into bitterness by the morbid self-examination of the day. We never remember to have read a more terrible arraignment of the religious teaching of sixty years ago than the painful and affecting scene which is described on page 52. When young Harriet Beecher presented herself before the pastor of the First Church of Hartford, and asked to be allowed to connect herself with his church, this is the way in which he greeted her: "Harriet, do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed [awful pause] you could be happy with God alone?" After struggling in vain to fix in her mind some definite conception of the meaning of these terrible words, the timid and shrinking girl stammered out: "Yes, sir." "You realize, I trust," continued the Doctor, "in some measure at least, the deceitfulness of your heart, and that in punishment for your sins God might justly leave you to make yourself as miserable as you have

made yourself sinful." "Yes, sir," again stammered Harriet. With these awful words weighing upon her soul, no wonder that the joyous ecstasy of that beautiful sacramental Sunday was quenched in the horrible dread that "God might leave her to make herself as miserable as she had made herself sinful." How she emerged from this state of spiritual despair and morbid self-introspection is one of the best-told and most painful portions of this book. This deep experience in the life of Mrs. Stowe needs to be supplemented by another which occurred about the same time and which serves to show her ardent and affectionate nature. How charmingly naive is the picture that she gives of herself, when upon hearing of the death of Byron, the literary idol of his day, she went out into the fields and, flinging herself down upon a mound of hay, burst into a flood of tears and prayed with all the fervor of her young heart for the poet's forgiveness and salvation. It would be a mistake, however, to infer from what has been said that Mrs. Stowe was lacking in humor. The intense and serious side of her nature was relieved by a vivacity, cheerfulness, and keen sense of the ridiculous that made her the light of her home and the mainstay of her husband and children. For playful fancy and racy good humor nothing could exceed the very amusing description that the young Harriet gives of her father's journey to Cincinnati, where he had been called to be the head of the Lane Theological Seminary. Her letters are full of a sort of drollery that is often very amusing and sometimes quite clever. When writing to her friend Georgiana, after her marriage, she speaks of her children as "money on interest whose value will be constantly increasing." In the same playful vein she counsels her husband against "cultivation of indigo," meaning that he must not give way to a "case of the blues," to which he was by temperament addicted. Mrs. Stowe, as her biographer shows, was a great lover of nature, and her description of Niagara Falls is one of the most vivid and moving word pictures to be found anywhere. "Oh! that beautiful water rising like moonlight, falling as the soul sinks when it dies,

to rise refined, spiritualized, and pure; that rainbow, breaking out, trembling, fading and again coming like a beautiful spirit walking the waters. Oh! it is lovelier than it is great! It is like the Mind that made it: great, but so veiled in beauty that we gaze without terror." This visit to Niagara is closely associated with her marriage. It was during her absence in the East that she heard of the death of her dear friend, Eliza Tyler, the young wife of Professor Stowe. When she returned to Cincinnati she set herself the task of trying to console the sad and solitary man, and ended by falling in love with him herself. It was another instance of pity and sympathy resulting in a more ardent attachment. So far as we can judge, there was nothing at all romantic in her marriage, nor was Professor Stowe the kind of a man to call out the love of an ardent and highly impressionable young woman. He seems to have been a thoroughly good man, who was something of a pedant; genuinely attached to his wife and proud of her genius and fame, but not always as considerate as he might have been. One dislikes to judge when all the circumstances are not known, but it is difficult to understand how he could have left his wife for fifteen months for his health, and not have returned to his family when cholera was raging in Cincinnati and one of his children died of it.

No review of Mrs. Stowe's life would be complete without some reference to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and this seems about as fitting a place as any to speak of it. One fact comes out clearly in this biography which helps us to understand how such a book came to be written, while it throws a flood of light upon its one-sided character and its failure to give a true picture of slavery and of life in the South before the war. When it is remembered that the materials for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were gathered for the most part during her stay at Cincinnati, where she lived for seventeen years in close proximity to a slave State, and where she was made acquainted with many painful incidents and harrowing tales of inhuman treatment by fugitive slaves who escaped across the Ohio, it is easy to see that Mrs. Stowe was placed where she would receive the worst

possible impressions of slavery and where her judgment of the Southern slave-holder would necessarily be prejudiced. A border State was not exactly the place to judge of slavery as an institution; and fugitive slaves, just that class who would most likely give exaggerated and grossly distorted accounts of their treatment. We are therefore obliged to dissent from Mr. J. F. Rhodes, who is quoted as saying that Mrs. Stowe has given us the ultimate view of posterity on the subject of slavery. The author's intention was to give us a true picture of what she saw, and this she has done with wonderful vividness and power; but she saw only a part. The only visit she ever made to the South previous to writing "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" was in 1834, when, in company with her friend, Miss Dutton, she found herself on the estate which was later known as Colonel Shelby's.

In the characters of "*Uncle Tom*" and "*Colonel Shelby*" she has done full justice to the better side of slavery in the South, but a wider acquaintance with Southern conditions would have shown her that "*Uncle Tom*" was not such a rare exception, and that "*Colonel Shelby*" was fairly representative of his class. It is easy to see how from a child Mrs. Stowe had had instilled into her a deep and ineradicable horror of slavery. As early as 1820, when the Missouri question was being agitated, she was profoundly impressed by the sermons and addresses of her father, who was himself a strong antislavery man. She remembers that every morning and evening a petition was offered up for "poor, oppressed, bleeding Africa," that the time of her deliverance might come. All her brothers were leading antislavery men, and none more so than her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, to whom she was devotedly attached. In her home at Cincinnati she and her husband frequently harbored fugitive slaves, and even received colored children into their school. She saw her brother depart with pistols to assist in quelling a mob that had destroyed an antislavery press and threatened to do other damage. Imagine any one with Mrs. Stowe's keenly sympathetic and excitable nature passing through such scenes, and immediate-

ly the conclusion is reached that, being the woman she was, she must have found some outlet for the pent-up passion of her soul, and this she did in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was therefore not the literary art of the book that made it sell. George Sand, Lowell, and a host of contemporary critics, were unanimous in condemning it from an artistic point of view. But the genius of the author, her dramatic power, and the intensity of feeling that she put into it, were like a contagion that swept everything before it. Lowell said of it that it was easy to account for its unexampled popularity by attributing it to a cheap sympathy with sentimental philanthropy. "We felt then, and we believe now, that the secret of Mrs. Stowe's power lay in that same genius by which great success in creative literature has always been achieved—the genius that instinctively goes right to the organic elements of human nature, whether under a white skin or black." Mrs. Stowe herself always spoke of the book as having made itself. The characters and scenes formed themselves in her mind, and when she transmitted them to paper she felt that she was only writing what she had seen. This gave to her book the character of a message from God, and it is impossible to read her life without feeling that she thought herself a divinely chosen instrument to labor in the cause of oppressed humanity. Her severest critics must do her justice here. The purity of her motive is beyond question. It is equally clear that she published "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with no intention of using it as a political engine to precipitate an internecine war. No one was more surprised at its popularity than herself. At the time of its publication she hoped that the antislavery movement would become a purely religious one. This is made clear by a letter to Fred Douglass, written just as her book was finished: "The light will spread in the Churches, and the tone of feeling will rise; Christians, North and South, will give up all connection with and take up their testimony against slavery, and thus the work will be done."

With every disposition to be fair, we are bound to say

that purity of motive and a highly emotional temperament, joined to deep spiritual fervor, are not necessarily qualities that would fit one to form a correct judgment or to write a true history. One must be under a strange delusion who, in the interest of truth, consults such sources of information as the antislavery library at Boston, and bases her judgment of slavery as an institution upon the highly colored statements of fugitive slaves and the ravings of the abolitionist press. We hope enough has been said to show that Mrs. Stowe was a woman who was ruled much more by her affections than by her reason. As it often happens with impulsive natures when their sympathies are keenly aroused, she was strangely credulous. At times this feeling swept her entirely away, and she is made to appear hysterical, and even sensational. During the throes of the civil war she seems to have lost her balance entirely, and writes to her friend, the Duchess of Argyle, with singular bitterness, of the brutality of Southern soldiers. "If I had written," she says, "what I know of the obscenity, brutality, and cruelty of that society down there, society would have cast out the books. I wish them no evil—feel no bitterness [strange contradiction!]. They have had a Dahomian education, which makes them savage. We don't expect any more from them." This is not the spirit of the noble-hearted Christian woman with which we were made acquainted at the beginning of this book, for plainly under the exciting and trying scenes of civil strife she has been transformed into an embittered partisan. And yet when one takes into consideration the circumstances under which this letter was written from what we know of Mrs. Stowe's character and disposition, it is not surprising that she should write bitterly and with a strong prejudice against the South. We say we are not surprised, and yet such immoderate language must furnish additional evidence that she was not the sort of person from whom to expect a fair and just account of slavery in the South. It is bad enough to accuse the society which produced a Lee and a Paul Hayne of having had a Dahomian education, but what shall be said of the charge that she makes against John C.

Calhoun, that he falsified a census report in order to prove that freedom was bad for the negroes? To charge the Secretary of State, a man of Calhoun's well-known integrity, with stooping to such a contemptible political trick is so insanely absurd as almost to be amusing. And yet this is what she writes to her married daughter after a somewhat lengthy perusal of John Quincy Adams' Diary published after the war: "Under his [Calhoun's] connivance even the United States census was falsified, to prove that freedom was bad for negroes." These words were written in 1882, when time and a somewhat extended stay at the South ought to have made her a fairer judge of Southern men and Southern conditions. But if Mrs. Stowe was not free from prejudice, she yet had the courage of her convictions. It is impossible not to admire her loyalty and willingness to brave public censure for the sake of a friend or for a cause which she believed just. A single instance will suffice to show that she never stopped to count the cost when her sympathies were enlisted and where she thought gross injustice had been done. After the publication of the "*Guiccioli Memoirs*" an article appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* which reflected upon the character of Lady Byron in a way that cut Mrs. Stowe to the quick. Knowing Lady Byron as intimately as she did, it was wholly like herself to espouse her friend's cause. It is not wonderful that the public were deeply offended by what they considered a malicious attack upon their favorite poet. She might have shown on this occasion a deeper reverence for Byron's genius; but it seemed to her sense of right that great wrong had been done, and she willingly incurred the world's censure in order to vindicate her friend's character.

It is quite impossible to do full justice to this most interesting and instructive biography. There are many incidents that one would like to dwell upon, but for a fuller knowledge of Mrs. Stowe we must refer our readers to the book itself. We have spoken of Mrs. Stowe's singular cheerfulness and hopefulness under the most trying circumstances. The study of her life makes it abundantly evident that she had

her full share of sorrow and suffering, and her brave spirit and unfailing faith must often have been severely tried. She was physically never a strong woman. In the early years of her married life she struggled with ill health, poverty, and sickness. She lost a child with cholera; her son Henry, to whom she was devotedly attached, was drowned while a student at Dartmouth College; another son was so seriously wounded in the war that he died of the effects of the wound shortly after.

The painful and distressing trial of her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, with which the public have long since been familiar, was a terrible shock and grief to her sensitive, loving nature. But through every discouragement she was always brave and cheerful. In her later years she joined the Episcopal Church. This was not remarkable when we remember that her mother was a Church woman, and that her two married daughters were devotedly attached to the Episcopal Church. Although not a student of literature, Mrs. Stowe was an indefatigable writer. During her long and active life she wrote no less than thirty books, besides an incredible number of magazine articles and pamphlets. When the last page of the biography is read one lays the book down with a feeling that here is a faithful record of a singularly pure and unselfish life. Whatever may have been Mrs. Stowe's faults, her sterling virtues more than atoned for them. A woman of untiring industry, of simple faith in God, of remarkable power as a writer; a devoted mother, an affectionate and unselfish wife, a loyal and warmly attached friend, she passed from us at the great age of eighty-five, truly a noble and venerable figure!

WILLIAM A. GUERRY.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES IN ALABAMA.¹

THE South has long been distinguished for its leaders in peace and in war. We have been told, however, that "mountain ranges are estimated by their peaks, and races by their greatest men." We are thus immediately led to ask what a section which has produced without universal education Jeffersons and Lees may not produce when education is brought to all?

A movement has for some years been on foot to bring up to a good educational level or average the masses of the South; for thoughtful people have learned that the thrift, industry, economy, and wealth of the East and North are produced by their system of public schools as much as by any one factor. Never before have our public men, inclusive of State governors, our women, too, at home and in clubs, seemed so possessed by the idea that reform of social, industrial, and commercial conditions must come through reform in schools. This truth is proved by history, with Germany as its latest exemplar.

South Carolina and Louisiana, heretofore laggards in the march, are stepping forward. Georgia is winning epaulets, for she doubled her school appropriation last year. But Alabama, *with only New Mexico below her in educational status*, is still in a state of lethargy from which a few of her citizens are striving to rouse her.

As is the case the wide world over, it is the women who are the first awake, who are first endeavoring to set in order

¹ Although this article, written at the editor's request when he heard of the movement it describes, is not a "literary study" and thus hardly falls within the purview of the REVIEW, it deals with a matter that is fundamental to the development of literary and every other kind of study in the South, and is therefore published in the hope that all of our readers will aid to the best of their abilities the development of the Traveling Library, not only in Alabama but in every other Southern State, and will labor strenuously in the interests of that Southern education and culture of which this REVIEW will always endeavor to be a promoter and exponent.

W. P. T.

a new institution. The Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs have set an inspiring example by their interest and assistance in public school labor. The Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs have inaugurated an organization similar to one familiar now in the Northern states—to wit, the Traveling Library, whose chief promoter was Melville Dewey, of New York.

The Traveling Library "brings the university to the people," to those whose attendance on the university proper is made impossible by reason of poverty, business, or home cares; it continues the education of the graduates; and it displaces the poisonous cheap literature sown broadcast through the land by publishing houses whose only object is pecuniary gain and whose frequent advertisement is "forty novels for twenty-five cents."

In Alabama the promoters of liberal education find their effort at securing favorable legislation paralyzed by the State constitution. For instance, since the State made no provision for school-buildings, and left "confusion worse confounded" when locating schools in rural districts, a strenuous endeavor has been made by the Committee on Educational Status under the leadership of a scholarly and energetic gentleman, Mr. Phillips, of Birmingham, their chairman, to get a bill passed enabling each county to tax itself for its own buildings and equipments. But the present constitution forbids this right of local tax, a right exercised in other States with beneficent results, and it will be three years before a new constitution can be secured and made effective.

And now, the great effort of the women's clubs of Alabama is the creation of a public sentiment favorable to the Traveling Library. With a set of books in each rural district that is sufficiently advanced to use it (the sad fact faces us that in some of our counties many adults cannot read); with every set of forty books in all the several thousands remaining in each district from three to six months, with libraries in every large town, what an awakening may not come!

In promoting public education the women of Alabama feel that they are in touch with the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, whose monument is the University of Virginia. That monument, however, has not the foundation and cornerstone that he would desire for a monument to a great educator; for he ever insisted on elementary, grammar, and high schools, articulating with the university—the “ladder from the gutter to the university,” as Huxley puts it; the “jack under the mudsills to lift the whole structure,” as Henry Ward Beecher expressed it. The thought of these three great minds ran, we thus see, in the same channel; for whatever may have been the genesis of two of them, all three had Yankee sense, that “common sense” which is so uncommon.

One long-desired opportunity will be afforded by the Traveling Library—that of placing impartial history in the hands of Southern youth to show them that in the valor and patriotism of our country they are coheirs; to show conclusively that secession and nullification did not have their beginning or birth in the South; to prove that in the Revolutionary War and that of 1812 it was with a greater percentage of Southern than of any other soldiers that the battles were fought which achieved our independence and safety; that Southern statesmen aided in forming the Constitution and have been as loyal to it as the men of any section; that in the civil war a greater percentage of Southern soldiers died for their principles and rights than have died of any army in any modern war; and to universalize the facts that prove us worthy of the eulogy of that noble Englishman, Lord Derby:

No nation rose so pure and fair,
None fell so free of crime.

We would not be provincial, but we would prove that in a spirit of broad patriotism we are proud to say that this is our country, that we have never disgraced it and never shall. With such books as Curry’s “History of the South in Relation to the Union,” showing our youth “the glorious worth of their descent;” with Dr. J. William Jones’s “History of

the United States," permeated with manliness, energy, and love of right; with biographies of Lee, whose life was "the seed-plot and harvest of all virtues"—with such books put before him, does there live a boy whose soul will not be stirred to nobler aspirations and better deeds?

In these libraries commencing thus with State and local histories, according to scientific principles of starting with a basis of the nearly related, and stretching from that to further correlations, we hope, too, to have our people instructed by the great minds of every age and every clime—for, of wisdom, it is indeed true that "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Col. McClure, that impressive gray-haired veteran editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, has lately been befriending Alabama by going through the State encouraging in his fine addresses better tillage of our rich fields and the development of manufactures based upon our agricultural commodities and minerals. He has appealed to the genius of enterprise by enunciating the truth that "wealth comes to a people when their products are brought to the highest form of value on their native soil." The women of Alabama through the Traveling Libraries will urge the people to bring *man* to *his* highest form of value, and will help to accomplish this by educating the young people of the State.

When we take care of our industrious infants, our "infant industries" will take care of themselves.

KATE HUTCHESON MORRISSETTE,
Committee Woman on Traveling Libraries, of No Name Club,
Montgomery, Ala.

BACCHYLIDES.

"Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema."—Horace, Epist. II., i., 54.

IN relating the story of Hephaistos, when he was hurled from heaven by Zeus in his anger, Homer does not tell us whether or not the Sintians were rejoiced to find the fallen god; at any rate, they took him up tenderly and cared for him, so that we may naturally conclude that they were glad to have the god sojourn with them, even though he had come in so unworthy a manner. He was to them a gift of heaven. Therefore, accepting Horace's judgment of ancient poetry, may we not also regard the poems of Bacchylides as a gift of heaven to us?

Unlike the god, however, our poet was not hurled from heaven by an angry Father, but was found buried in a tomb amid the sands of Egypt, and, though he has been practically dead for over two thousand years, now that he has come to us as unexpectedly as the god came to the Sintians, we receive the heaven-sent gift with joy and gladness, and care for him with as much tenderness as the Sintians cared for the fallen Hephaistos. Homer further tells us that when the Sintians found Hephaistos there was little life left in him, but how much life there is still left in Bacchylides, we trust the reader may realize from the following brief sketch.

The poems of Bacchylides, considered from a literary point of view, are much more precious than any of the manuscripts that have come to light in recent years. Their discovery brings a twofold pleasure to the world of classical culture, because it gives us the hope that the manuscripts of other Greek and Roman writers may come forth from their cheerless abodes, and also because it has brought back to us one of the sweetest of Greek lyric singers, in whom the scent of the Attic violet has never died, and whose fragments had already fully exemplified Horace's

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu.

Bacchylides was born in the small town of Ioulis, on the

island of Keos. His father was named Meidon or Meidylos. His grandfather, who had the reputation of being something of an athlete, bore, according to Greek custom, the same name as our poet. His mother was a sister of Simonides, the great Kean poet. Thus he was connected on one hand with athletics and on the other with poetry, so that it would seem perfectly natural that we should find him singing the praises of the victors in the glorious athletic contests of Greece. The exact dates of his birth and death are unknown, but, as he is generally conceded to have been contemporary with Pindar, we may place him somewhere near 518-438 B.C. Little is known of his life. He was banished from Keos, but for what cause is not known. It was most likely owing to some political trouble, for nearly all the early lyric bards seem to have mixed in politics to a greater or less extent. During his exile he lived in the Peloponnesos. His life amid the Dorians does not, however, seem to have had much influence upon his poetic career, though two of his odes are in honor of Dorians.

We hear constantly of a jealous rivalry that existed between Pindar on one side and Simonides and Bacchylides on the other, but nothing can be found in the newly discovered poems, as we now have them, that gives the slightest support to this bit of poetic scandal. On the contrary, in the fifth ode, which was composed in direct rivalry with Pindar's brilliant first Olympian, Bacchylides takes the greatest pains to mention, in a most complimentary manner, the Boeotian poet Hesiod, which is regarded as an indirect compliment to Pindar himself. How delicately the compliment is brought in may be readily seen from the lines which are here given:

Βοιωτὸς ἀνὴρ τάδε φύνασσεν παλαιός,
Ἡσίοδος πρόπτολος
Μωσᾶν, ὃν ἀθάνατοι τιμαῖς διφέλλον
Καὶ βροτῶν φήμαν ἐπλησσαν.¹

¹ These things were spoken by a Boeotian man of old, Hesiod, a priest of the Muses, whom the immortals advanced to honor and for whom they raised a goodly report among men.

Assuredly there is not the slightest ring of jealousy in these lines, and perhaps the often quoted passages of Pindar (Ol., ii. 95-97, Pyth., ii. 52-58, and Nem., iii. 82) do not refer to Simonides and Bacchylides after all. It is devoutly to be hoped that they do not, for it is much pleasanter and more satisfactory to feel that the grand and magnificent Pindar was not an Addison seen through the spectacles of a Pope.

When we come to consider how long the poems of Bacchylides were extant, we are again in almost total darkness. No continuous history of any manuscript can be traced down farther than the sixth century after Christ, and, although we find here and there grammarians and lexicographers of a later age claiming to have seen them in whole or in part, we may dismiss such claims without compunction, because they appear to rest upon no substantial basis.

The present manuscript was discovered by native Egyptians, to whom it owes its mutilated condition, for many fragments bear unmistakable evidence of recent rupture, though some are of earlier origin, caused, perhaps, by the sacking of the tombs for treasure. The manuscript, which is written on papyrus and consists of about two hundred fragments, is now deposited in the British Museum. The largest fragment is twenty inches long and contains four columns and a half of writing; fourteen other fragments contain one or more columns, while the rest either measure only a few inches or are mere bits with only a letter here and there decipherable. The identification of the manuscript as containing the poems of Bacchylides was very easy, from the fact that several already known quotations from the poet were found among them. It is exceptionally well written in a single hand throughout, and probably belongs to some period very near 50 B.C.

The papyrus contains twenty poems, of which six are practically complete, eight others are in a fairly complete state, while of another we have left only sixty lines (about half of the poem), and of the other five only a few lines are preserved here and there. There are in all 1,382 lines, of

which 1,070 are in an almost perfect condition or can be satisfactorily restored. From this it will be seen that our acquaintance with Bacchylides has been considerably extended by this discovery, because heretofore we knew him only through some quotations embedded in some other Greek authors.

The poems of Bacchylides are interesting, not only in themselves and because they bring back to us one of the great lyric poets of Greece but also because they contain specimens of Greek literature hitherto unknown, and thus widen the scope of our conception of the wonderful literary accomplishments of the Greeks. Fourteen out of the twenty poems deal with the victors in the great games and are Epinikian, the general character of which is well known from the splendid and dazzling odes of Pindar, and are of much less interest to us than the remaining six. Of these six, two are probably paeans; one is a dithyramb; and two others, without address to any deity, are most likely hymns, while the last is in so fragmentary a condition that it does not admit of our forming any certain judgment as to its character.

Ancient critics held Bacchylides in very high esteem. He was honored with a place in the immortal canon of the Alexandrians with eight other lyric poets. He holds the last place, it is true, but this is due to the fact that he was the youngest of all the lyric poets rather than to any lack of merit of his own to fill a higher place. He was also a popular poet—much more popular, indeed, than Pindar—not only with the people in general but also with Hieron, king of Syracuse, a critic of no mean literary merit, for whom both he and Pindar composed Epinikian odes. Can we justify, from the newly discovered poems, this esteem of the people and of a very competent amateur critic?

Perhaps a somewhat close study of the first ode, together with a few passages from others, will be found not uninteresting and will also enable us to form some opinion as to the correctness of the judgment of ancient critics. This ode is not complete, the first two systems being entirely wanting.

It was composed in honor of a fellow citizen, Melas, to commemorate a victory he had won at the Isthmian games. It is far from being in Bacchylides's best style, but presents some characteristics so eminently Greek that it seems to deserve more than a passing notice. From the first part of the ode, of which so much is lacking, we can gather nothing. At the beginning of the antistrophe, however, we find that Apollo, the famous archer, has conferred very great honors upon Pantheides, who had also found favor in the eyes of the Charities and was much admired of men, while a little farther on the Son of Kronos has made one of the sons of Pantheides a sharer in brilliant crowns as a reward for his devotional reverence. The mentioning of Zeus, Apollo, and the Charities together with *ἀντ' εὐεργεσιῶν* shows how thoroughly every Greek mind was saturated with religion, though this religious belief did not necessitate the acceptance of every myth. We know full well that Pindar, in the well-known Pelops myth, refused to believe such savagery possible, and coined a myth of his own to bring the story within the bounds of religious belief. We shall not, however, find any such strong individuality and originality in Bacchylides as this. It will be noticed, too, that the gods play their usual parts here, and it will be found that throughout the poem they are stereotyped.

After these religious duties are performed the poet passes to some reflections on *ἀρετά* and *πλοῦτος*, of which he says: "Virtue obtaineth the highest meed, for wealth also consorts with the evil of men and is wont to make the mind of man wax proud." This, too, is pure Greek, as we see it in Theognis, in Pindar, and in Aischylos, and in all the host of Greek authors in whose poems the moral and ethical side of their natures has found the fullest expression. Again the gods claim the poet's attention, and in

ó δ' eív ἔρδων θεοῖς
έλπίδι κυδροτέρα,
σαίνει κλέρ¹

¹ Whoso reverences the gods, rejoiceth his heart with a nobler hope.

we clearly have a crumb picked up from Homer's table, an echo of the well-known line

*ὅς κε θεοῖς ἐπιτείθηται, μάλα τ' ἐκλυνον αὐτοῦ.*¹

Then follows a bit of moralizing that instantly recalls the friend of old and young, Horace, who has given so many Greek odes and so many Greek thoughts a Roman setting. "But since a man is mortal," says our poet, "if he hath health and enough of his own whereon to live, he vieth with kings, for joy shares in the life of man only apart from ill health and irremediable poverty. Idleness bringeth not pleasure to mortals, but they are ever striving after the impossible. Whoso hath his heart troubled with trifling care, hath this life (be it short or long) to enjoy. Virtue is hard to win, but he that attaineth to virtue leaveth behind a glorious immortality that causeth much emulation."

These thoughts, which at first sight appear to us merely conventional, are fraught with a deeper lesson if studied more closely. There is surely something more than mere conventionality in the praise here given to a middle station of life and the contentment that should follow it. The poet now sets off his picture with shade and light by suggesting two comparisons. He realized, as did St. Paul, that "it is hard to kick against the pricks," and ill health and "irremediable poverty" he placed among the pricks. As an antidote to this, he adds immediately: "Idleness bringeth not pleasure." Man must strive, no matter how hard is his condition of life. It is part of the lot of mortals to pursue the impossible. The more modern idea that attainment brings with it lassitude and discontent does not penetrate the freshness of the Greek mind. The shadow of the picture closes with a pitiful wail for the small man whose heart is eaten with trifling care, who has not the spirit to grapple with his conditions and surmount them. Such have this life alone, a gloomy picture for the lively and fanciful Greek. A glow of light is thrown over the whole by the closing words, "leaveth behind a glorious immortality." How these words must

¹ Whoso obeyeth the gods, him they surely hear.

have caused the heart of the victorious athlete to beat! What a picture the poet has raised for him! Not only to himself, but to all his surrounding companions and friends the halo of Achilles, the glorious and immortal hero of the Greeks, appears above his head. He has become a God.

Bacchylides's philosophy of life was that of the average Greek of his day. He accepted its responsibilities and realized that he must make the best of it, but, at the same time, like Sophokles and Herodotos after him, he felt that it had been best if life had not been forced upon him, for he says: "It is best for men never to be born and never to look upon the light of the sun." Such a thought was perfectly natural to a Greek. Only virtue could bring immortality, and life was hard. Virtue, too, in its Greek sense, was far different from virtue as we ordinarily conceive it. It was attained only with much toil and sorrow. It was not only right living, but also embraced manly prowess and high courage, while even these prerequisites did not suffice without victory. To the victorious man, to the man who had attained unto virtue, life was glorious and immortal; but for others, compared with such a man, it were best never to be born. Bacchylides was also a fatalist, not like Sophokles, who believed that man must work out his own fate, but rather inclining to an irresponsible fate, as we see from the conversation between Herakles and the shade of Meleager in the underworld. In reply to the question, "Who slew him?" the shade answers: "Hard it is to turn aside the purpose of the gods from mortal men; otherwise would my father, the knight Oineus, have stayed the wrath of revered white-armed Artemis, crowned with lilies, placating her with the sacrifice of many goats and red-backed kine." Then, at the close of the same speech, the shade again says: "For in war, hard-hearted Ares knows no friend, but the blind bolt flies in anger from his hands and bears death to whomsoever Heaven will."

It has been said by some modern critics that Bacchylides is simply a writer of correct verses, mere school-boy exercises, but not a poet of any high order. It is true that his odes are not to be compared with Pindar's, that his myths

seem to be thrown in at will and without any proper connection or justification, and it is also true that he is not a great genius like Pindar, but he is certainly a sweet singer. His poetry lacks the dash and brilliance, splendor and magnificence, of his great rival; but has, in a very high degree, smoothness and equability and lucidity and grace, characteristics of a high grade of poetry. He will be read and admired for his ease and graceful art rather than for the individuality of genius, that gives so much vivid power to the Pindaric poems.

That the reader may judge for himself how sweet a singer Bacchylides is, we give copious extracts from a metrical translation, published in a late number of *Literature*, and made by Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, of the seventeenth ode, the best of those that are contained in the lately discovered manuscript:

I.

With sable prow the vessel fleet
 The glittering seas that girdle Crete
 Clove, on dread errand bound;
 And fresh the breath of Boreas brake,
 Impelling for Athena's sake
 The surging waves around.

Seven youths, seven maids to death consigned
 Sped by the might of main and wind,
 Among them first and best
 Theseus, the prince, and Creta's king,
 Sat by the victims nourishing
 Love's torment in his breast.

For she, whose all-subduing flame,
 Nor lords of earth nor heaven disclaim,
 By spell of captive maid
 Entrralled; he, impotent of soul,
 Arose, to Eriboea stole,
 And hand upon her laid.

"Theseus," her voice rang forth, and bright
 As stormy flash that rives the night,
 Fire rolled beneath his brow;
 And anguish fierce his bosom rent;
 The while he cried: "O Jove's descent,
 How weak a thing art thou!"

In whirling gusts of passion tossed,
The rudder of thy soul is lost:
 Yet curb tyrannic will.
Dark dooms of Deities prevail,
And deep descends the burdened scale,
 O'erweighted with our ill;

Yet stroke of uneluded Fate
These hearts can suffer and await;
 Thou, base desire expel.
Wert thou in sooth the Thunderer's boy,
Sprung from Phœnissa's amorous joy
 'Neath Ida's pinnacle?

Then learn, no meaner line I trace,
Me to Poseidon's strong embrace
 The yielding Æthra gave,
And azure locks of Nereid
Veiled the sweet shame and safely hid,
 Screened in her golden cave.

Then, Gnosian lord, put far away
Licentious wrong; for light of day
 Ne'er could these eyes sustain
If e'er I suffered thee to wreak
Thy ruffian will or mar one cheek
 Of all this virgin train;
Else prove my sword, and if for thee
Or mine the meed of victory,
 Let righteous Heaven ordain."

Part second describes the effect of Theseus' words upon Minos, who, instead of accepting the challenge, craftily suggested that they prove their birth of Zeus and Poseidon respectively by omens. Minos calls upon Zeus to let his "fire-pluméd levin fly," if he really be his son; and, throwing his ring into the ocean, challenges Theseus to prove his descent from Poseidon by bringing it back, and the poem continues:

III.

Rash, Minos, was thy suit, but he
The Mighty, heard and did decree
 His offspring to exalt.
In mortal sight, conspicuous raised,
Forth flew the lightning-bolt and blazed
 Across the uncrowded vault.

Minos, the heavenly portent scanned,
 To Jove upraised adoring hand,
 And thus the youth bespake:
 "Theseus, the gods have spoken, me
 The skies befriend: seek thou the sea,
 And sure thy sire will make
 Thee glorious mid the groves of earth." Well Theseus heard, nor might his worth
 From the high deed refrain.
 A moment on the deck he stood,
 Then, leaping, clove the yielding flood
 That yawned and closed again.

Exulting Minos from the mast
 Gives all his canvas to the blast,
 And plies the sweeping oar.
 Swift speeds the ship by Boreas chased;
 But Fate, not he, her track hath traced,
 And drives her to the shore.

What pang, what misery invades,
 Athens, thy captive youths and maids,
 Soon of their friend and chief!
 Tears rain from virgins' tender eyes,
 And breasts heroic agonize,
 Impassionate in grief.

Oh, happy had they known the truth!
 Not unaccompanied the youth
 Does to the deep descend:
 From realms obscure of sand and slime
 The buoyant legions maritime
 Of frolic dolphins wend.

And swift the finny escort guides
 Where glows immerged beneath the tides
 Poseidon's palace dome—
 High God whose trident called to birth
 The steeds that scour the ways of earth,
 And coursers of the foam.

Entering the stately courts with awe,
 The famed Nereides he saw,
 For splendor all around
 Shone from their limbs, and every head
 With fiery bands was filleted,
 In golden beauty bound.
 In mazy dance they moved elate,
 Joying with footsteps delicate
 To tread the gleaming ground.

IV.

There he beheld the aspect grave
Of her who rules the rambling wave,
 Poseidon's cherished queen.
With purple robe she garmented
His body and enwreathed his head
With rose unrifled of its red,
 Unwithered of its green.

This on her nuptial morn, when she
First swayed the scepter of the sea
 Arch Aphrodite brought.
What boon exceeds the power divine?
Dry from the bosom of the brine
The youth ascends, a glorious sign
 With happy boding fraught.

The immortal gifts his frame adorned;
Down sank, discomfited and scorned,
 The Cretan's haughty pride;
Far the recaptured gladness went
Of youths' and maidens' voices, blent
 With music of the tide.
Phœbus, approve our Cean lay,
And recompense with deathless bay
 And prosperous lot beside.

CHARLES W. BAIN.

A NOVELIST OF THE HOUR.

PERHAPS one could not better begin a review of Mr. George Gissing's latest novel, "The Whirlpool," than by describing its physiological effect upon the reader at its close: a faint, infrequent pulse, a sensation of depression in the region of the epigastrium, an acrid taste in the mouth. It is an undeniably able book, depressing because of its very naturalness, its long-drawn, remorseless analysis of selfish and worldly motives and passions. The "whirlpool" is the social vortex, wherein a man becomes a wolf to a man, a woman a wolverene to a woman. The question suggests itself: Is evolution, with its materialistic theory of morals, bringing forth its generation? Is an education without religion, a view of life that dispenses with all reference to God, bringing in its revenges? Are we face to face with Messrs. Huxley and Spencer's race?

If every generation leaves and must leave a record of itself in verse, equally must it in fiction also, and in Mr. Gissing's work our generation may see itself photographed. The book is startlingly modern, and its reader may realize and repeat his father's sensations when reading a novel of George Eliot's, fresh from the press. Its style, dry, businesslike, quite unimaginative, is modern, and so is its dialogue; no more of the studied compositions, the choice vocabulary, beautifully balanced sentences and rounded paragraphs in which people exchanged their ideas "sixty years since," but piecemeal talk, tending to the monosyllabic, fragmentary, with unfinished sentences and questions of artful suggestion. Modern too are its environment and problems—the harsh, heart-wearying roar of city life, problems of marriage and heredity, and above all the portentous "servant question." Pathos there is none, though there is plenty of "sordid tragedy," and the humor, infrequent and flitting, never moves to laughter and hardly to a smile; its quality is *saturnine*, and such, in a word, seems to be the author's mood. Its plot inheres in the degeneracy

of a woman's character, and unfolds the misery of worldly life, its debasing suspicions, its turbid, ignoble current. The twofold crisis, a musical triumph and a murder, occurs at the end of the second part (correspondent to the third act of a play), and after it the climax seems weak, inept; but the author would reply that it is the ineptitude of life. The heroine's character is one of subtle, all-engrossing selfishness. One of the prominent figures is a type of primitive man caught in the toils of civilization—the craft of women. A female figure in the background is a parody of the failure of the conscientious ideal, the moralism, of George Eliot. The musical world is put in the pillory; the emptiness of esthetic consolations is exposed; and "art" is shown to eventuate in vanity and vexation of spirit. The author himself is impersonal, fateful; too dispassionate to be called pessimistic, and if cynical, his cynicism is veiled in extreme literalness; his only mood that can be plainly divined is one of weary indifference to and contempt of the life he depicts. The personal equation so apparent in writers of realistic fiction—in Thackeray, notably; the romantic element that survived in George Eliot; the eccentricity of Mr. Meredith; Mr. Hardy's rebellious spirit, and Mrs. Ward's didacticism—have all been eliminated from the work of Mr. Gissing, in whom accordingly the realistic movement in English fiction would seem to have reached its goal. And the dispassionate conclusion is, that life for this world only is unspeakably hideous in character and consequences. So it is, perhaps, that the book does open, at its close, the old-fashioned way out: wholesome domestic life, in the country, pervaded by the influence of the Church.

Let us illustrate in detail the points thus rapidly summarized.

Mr. Gissing's method in description is objective, the record of a sequence of visual impressions, as in this interior:

They went out into the hall, where a dim light through colored glass illuminated a statue in terra cotta, some huge engravings, the massive antlers of an elk, and furniture in carved oak.

Emotional and figurative qualities are scrupulously ex-

cluded, and the distortion consequent upon viewing objects through a poetic atmosphere, or haze of temperament, is avoided. Rarely do we find as much infusion of sentiment, and that severely restrained, as the following picture of the hero's departure from his bachelor's quarters—in which, moreover, a lurid light is thrown upon the problem of domestic service:

On the eve of his marriage day he stood in the dismantled rooms, at once joyful and heavy at heart. His books were hidden in a score of packing-cases, labeled, ready to be sent away. In spite of open windows, the air was still charged with dust; since the packing began every one concerned in it had choked and coughed incessantly; on the bare floor footsteps were impressed in a thick flocky deposit. These rooms could have vied with any in London for supremacy of filthiness. Yet here he had known hours of still contentment; here he had sat with friends congenial, and heard the walls echo their hearty laughter; here he had felt at home—here his youth had died.

Only in passages descriptive of his ideal—the peace and beauty of country life—is our author lifted off his feet; he is guilty of poetry, both of sentiment and syntax, in the following:

It was in the town, yet nothing townlike. No sooty smother hung above the housetops and smirched the garden leafage; no tramp of crowds, no clatter of hot-wheel traffic, sounded from the streets hard by. But at hours familiar, bidding to task or pleasure or repose, the music of the grey belfries floated overhead; a voice from the old time, an admonition of mortality in strains sweet to the ear of childhood. Harvey had but to listen, and the days of long ago came back to him. Above all, when at evening rang the curfew. Stealing apart to a bowered corner of the garden, he dreamed himself into the vanished years, when curfew-time was bedtime, and a hand with gentle touch led him from his play to that long sweet slumber which is the child's new birth.

It is time to introduce the characters of the story, and this we will do in the author's own words, and thereby illustrate his method of personal description. He certainly succeeds in setting his people clearly before us, with strict economy of language. The principal figures are brought upon the scene at the very outset. The hero

had a shaven chin, a weathered complexion, thick brown hair; the penumbra of middle age had touched his countenance, softening here and there a line which told of temperament in excess.

Carnaby was a fair example of the well-bred, well-fed Englishman—tall, brawny, limber, not uncomely, with a red neck, a powerful jaw, and a

keen eye. Something more of repose, of self-possession, and a slightly more intellectual brow would have made him the best type of conquering, civilizing Briton.

Mr. Redgrave had thin hair, but a robust moustache and a short peaked beard; his complexion was a trifle sallow.

The ladies are not as distinctly seen: Sybil Carnaby, an inscrutable woman, who could look and smile at one without conveying the faintest suggestion of her actual thought.

and the heroine, Alma Frothingham, whose features suggested neither force of intellect nor originality of character; but they had beauty and something more. She stood a fascination, an allurement to the masculine sense.

These, however, are but superficial considerations; our author's strength is in his psychology, his exposure of the silent thoughts of his characters, their half-concealed, half-revealed motives, their manner of expression.

Characteristic of the dialogue is its significant triviality, its scrappy, commonplace, inartistic nature (faithful to modern habit), yet charged with meaning, pregnant with weal or woe to the personages involved. We open at random:

"I oughtn't to have given you this trouble," said Sibyl, "but perhaps you would rather see me here"—

"Yes—oh yes—it was much better"—

"Sit down, dear. We won't talk of wretched things, will we? If I could have been of any use to you"—

"I was so afraid you would never"—

"Oh, you know me better than that."

A favorite bit of feminine slang is the expression "early Victorian," equivalent to "anachronistic," used to ridicule, in a ladylike way, any conservative idea or prejudice—such as that a wife should obey her husband. Mr. Gissing does not seem to repine, as Thackeray did, that he cannot reproduce men's talk realistically; some of his men say "Damn," and treat each other to whiskey and water; and doubtless no sensible person will complain of omissions in that line.

As examples of his sardonic humor let us take the following, at the expense of the climate of London:

Next morning the weather was fine; that is to say, one could read without artificial light, and no rain fell; at "society's" expense:

Couples and groups paused to talk near him, and whenever he caught a sentence it was the merest chatter, meaningless repetition of commonplaces which, but for habit, must have been an unutterable weariness to the least intelligent of mortals;

and at the expense of his heroine, and her musical coterie:

Alma had not the habit of telling falsehoods to her husband, but she did it remarkably well— . . . the years had matured her, endowing her with superior self-possession, and a finish of style in dealing with these little difficulties.

Alma was become a very fluent talker, and her voice had the quality which fixes attention. At luncheon, whilst half a dozen persons lent willing ear, she compared Sarasate's playing of Beethoven's Concerto with that of Joachim, and declared that Sarasate's *cadenza* in the first movement, though marvelous for technical skill, was not at all in the spirit of the work. The influential writer applauded, drawing her on to fresh displays of learning, taste, eloquence. She had a great deal to say about somebody's "technique of the left hand," of somebody else's "tonal effects," of a certain pianist's "warmth of touch." It was truly a musical gathering; each person at table had some exquisite phrase to contribute. The hostess, who played no instrument but doted upon all, was of opinion that an executant should "aim at mirroring his own nature in his interpretation of a tone-poem;" whereupon another lady threw out remarks on "subjective interpretation," confessing her preference for a method purely "objective." The influential critic began to talk about Liszt, with whom he declared that he had been on intimate terms; he grew fervent over the master's rhapsodies, with their "clanging rhythm and dithyrambic fury."

Our author, it is plain, is a keen and critical observer, who has little mercy upon "the artificial ugliness of affectation."

The occupations and reverses of his characters are those of the present day: the story opens with the far-reaching failure of a speculative enterprise; people grow haggard over the thought and the necessity of reinvesting at a reduced rate of interest; one invests in a bicycle-factory, and is involved in a suit over a patent; another converts photography, once his pastime, into a means of livelihood; still another is an overworked journalist, who is involved in the above-mentioned failure. Meantime the women are engaged in social duties and esthetics; Sibyl Carnaby is absorbed for a while in investigations in the Italian Renaissance.

In the matter of incident, one remarks an unexpected

likeness to a kind of fiction as different from this as could be imagined—to certain didactic and religious tales, whose authors season their morality, and so excite and hold the attention of careless readers, with a plentiful spice of sensational incident. In "The Whirlpool," following upon the defalcation, the ruined journalist dies of an overdose of morphia; and there are a burglary, an unequivocal suicide, an improper proposal, a runaway, a case of manslaughter—and the heroine dies through indulgence in a dangerous soporific. Nothing is lacking save a conflagration. The suggestion of vulgar sensation that might naturally be conveyed by such a catalogue would, however, be unfair; for these crises are carefully prepared for, the train of events and states of mind leading up to them is duly elaborated, and they seem to spring naturally and inevitably from the narrative, and to be implicated in it.

The nature of the plot is indicated by the fatalistic symbol of the title. The hero writes: "I feel as if we were all being swept into a ghastly whirlpool which roars over the bottomless pit." The heroine circles for a while around "the outer edge of the whirlpool" of civilization, and is dragged downward with ever-increasing velocity. Note of time is carefully preserved; the dates of the action are A.D. 1886, 1890-91. The plot hinges upon the long-standing conflict between art and domestic life: Part First ends with a marriage, after the claims of the heroine's art have been fully discussed and her right to an untrammeled prosecution of them has been freely granted. Thus the tale begins instead of ending with a marriage—an order characteristic of mature fiction. The consequences of this union are the degeneration of her character and the improvement of the hero's. He has been the surly, headstrong son of a severe father, whom he had feared but never loved; and after a turbulent youth has settled down into a self-pleasing manhood, to which the thought of wedlock and children was repulsive and absurd. From this state of cultured egoism he is drawn by feminine attraction, and is metamorphosed by love and marriage into a most

considerate husband and devoted father. He is humanized by the obligations of the new relation; Alma's nature, on the contrary, deteriorates through indifference to them or subordination of them to her artistic ambition, and through abuse of his indulgence. In this character the purely esthetic temperament, devoid of mental or moral stamina, is ruthlessly dissected. Alma is versatile in talent but volatile in intention, swayed by transient impulses and enthusiasms, dependent upon others' approbation or even flattery for the necessary stimulus to exertion. The only passion by which she is actuated is that of hate of her former friend, Sybil. This latter name is a symbol; its bearer is the problematic character of the book, so designed and left so when all is told. We do not know whether she is innocent, or an incarnation of serpentine wisdom, of dissimulation so profound that it has become her second nature, the law of her life. We are indeed left to imagine that the consuming hatred of a jealous woman has cleared the heroine's vision so that she is enabled "to read the mysterious Sybil with some approach to exactness." The motive of this insane passion is Alma's conviction that Sybil is attempting to detach Cyrus Redgrave from her interests. He is a refined sensualist, a finished man of the world, and the evil genius of the plot; one of his instruments is a Mrs. Strangeways (another symbolic name)—

a lady of perhaps thirty-five, with keen, thin face, and an artificial bloom on her hollow cheeks; rather overdressed, yet not to the point of vulgarity; of figure very well proportioned, slim and lissom. Her voice was a trifle hard, but pleasant; her manner cordial in excess.

Perilous environment this for an undisciplined nature! Alma is determined to use Redgrave's services to the utmost for the furtherance of her artistic triumph, and her suspicion that Sybil is thwarting her in this hurries her into a rash step which proves the occasion of his death, and plunges the Carnabys in disaster—but her hatred falls foiled by her adversary's imperturbable self-control and superior art.

Mr. Gissing is at his best in describing a psychological

crisis, a moment of supreme nervous tension, such as Alma's on the occasion of her public recital. It is an experience sufficiently common to encourage a novice in view of some great ordeal; when friends apprehend stage fright, an extraordinary, luminous collectedness seems to settle upon the victim.

On first stepping forward she could see nothing but a misty expanse of faces; she could not feel the boards she trod upon; yet no sooner had she raised her violin than a glorious sense of power made her forget everything but the music she was to play. She all but laughed with delight. Never had she felt so perfect a mastery of her instrument. She played without effort, and could have played for hours without weariness. Her fellow musicians declared that she was "wonderful."

The style borders upon humor in describing the restraint that society imposes upon expression of natural feeling, the counterfeit of a Christian grace that the civilized world inculcates:

"I don't take offense, Mrs. Strangeways," Alma answered, with a slight laugh to cover her uneasiness. "It's so old-fashioned."

Mrs. Strangeways

was an older woman, and had learnt the injudiciousness of impulsive behavior.

Alma "thought it better not to be too abrupt with" her musical adviser. And her husband, having to postpone for a few hours what would have been a severe reply to an unreasonable request of hers, "grew more tolerant" of her feelings.

In conclusion, the degeneracy of the central character is exhibited by a few infallible signs: the self-pity of the wrong-doer—"Alma had begun to compassionate herself—a dangerous situation"—her opening a letter addressed to her husband, and the unfounded and degrading suspicions excited by something she read in it—and finally, the depth of degeneracy in a wife and mother, a regret that she had not, in her salad days, profited by Redgrave's dishonorable proposal.

The "servant question" forces itself repeatedly into prominence in the course of the narrative; its crucial diffi-

culty, we are told, "lies in the fact that women seldom can rule, and all but invariably dislike to be ruled by, their own sex."

All ordinary housekeepers are at the mercy of the filth and insolence of a draggle-tailed, novelette-reading feminine democracy. . . . When all the bricklayers' daughters are giving piano-lessons, and it's next to impossible to get any servant except a ladies' maid, we shall see women of leisure develop a surprising interest in the boiling of potatoes.

The problem of problems is, of course, that of marriage; one aspect of it is embodied in the unhappy Cecil Morphew, whose life was ruined by the postponement, for years and years, of marriage with a girl on whom his heart was set—because, as he bitterly says, they "hadn't money enough to take a house three times bigger" than they needed. "If she had married me when she might have done!" he groaned, after she had refused, on moral grounds, to marry him: "*There* was the wrong that led to everything else." The problem disturbing the marital conscience as never before is thus stated: "In acting with masculine decision, with the old-fashioned authority of husbands, [one makes] himself doubly responsible for any misery that might come to [his wife] through the conditions of her life." The experience divulged in the following sentences is calculated to make the judicious pause before abandoning a life of celibacy:

Marriage rarely means happiness, either for man or woman; if it be not too grievous to be borne, one must thank the fates and take courage.

It is common enough for people who have been several years wedded to feel exasperation in each other's presence.

All things considered, the husband who finds it *just* possible to endure the contiguity of his wife . . . must call himself happy.

Mr. Gissing can never hope to be popular with feminine readers. Yet he represents his hero as virtually *saved* by the birth of his son; whereas in his bachelor days he had been worried by the problem of overpopulation, and had raged against the sacrifice of women to the rising generation, he is brought at last to see in parental affection the only thing that makes life worth living, in the training of his child a sufficient object for the remainder of his days, in

the smoothing of its path a sufficient recompense for every sacrifice. He dogmatizes concerning the "enormous obligation" of parents to their children, is absorbed in problems of education and heredity, studies his child with almost painful solicitude, and becomes more pathetically wrapped up in him the more his mother neglects him. It is the gospel according to Evolution, the only significance of "salvation" in its scheme.

A dreary scepticism pervades this society; the men, as a matter of course, are sceptical; the hero
felt glad that no theological or scientific dogma constrained him to a justification of the laws of life.

Both Sibyl and Alma attended church, from habit,
and both would have shrunk amazed if called upon to make the slightest sacrifice in the name of their presumed creed.

"In her normal state of mind Alma prayed for nothing;" and the heathenism of her "religion" is betrayed by her prayers for success, on the eve of her musical ordeal, and "more than once," later, for Sibyl's death.

From this exhibition of worldly intrigue, of sin and sorrow, dealing death, one turns, at the end of the book, with a relief that one is convinced the author shares, to the home of the Mortons in a country town—a haunt of ancient peace. Mrs. Morton is a wife and mother of the old school, a *true* as contrasted with the *new* woman. "Into her pure and healthy mind had never entered a thought at conflict with motherhood." She nurses her children and nurtures them in the love of God and their kind, in gentle accomplishments and innocent recreations. She is aware that there are such things as vulgar altercations and final separations between husbands and wives—but such banal episodes seem to her hopelessly inconsistent with good sense and right feeling. In her own experience she has encountered no conjugal difficulty that did not yield to these qualities, or, in the last resort, to the creed by which she lived—for to her "the will of God" is more than a phrase. It seems natural to her that a married woman should be guided by her husband's wish.

In this character, whether or not he designed to do so, Mr. Gissing has set forth in fair proportions the perfect harmony of nature, humanity, and right reason with true religion. Unwonted consummation of realistic fiction! With a sigh of satisfaction we leave our hero, a much-experienced Ulysses of married life, and his delicate little boy, their trials over, embowered in a haven of rural Anglicanism—the tranquil harbor of the Mortons' garden.

GREENOUGH WHITE.

REVIEWS.

HOLM'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By Adolph Holm. New York: The Macmillan Company. Four volumes.

In this latest history of Greece, by Dr. Adolph Holm, modern methods of historical research and criticism are illustrated and justified to a marked degree. In the hands of one thoroughly skilled in their use they have produced what is, in many striking particulars, the most valuable study of the Greek people yet given to literature.

The modern idea of history makes it less a record of courts and princes and more a study of peoples—less a chronological narration of events and more a coordinated discussion and analysis of them. Its events as well as its characters are considered as norms which serve to elucidate the character of the people under discussion, and to assign them their proper place in the development of the human race. According to it, the history of a people is good or bad as its picture of that people is true or false.

No people of antiquity are so fascinating to moderns as the Greeks, no other have so many lessons for us, and therefore a picture of them which is a true, rounded conception of the concrete mass of humanity which was made up by the Hellenic race must necessarily be of the utmost value. Grote and Thirlwall have compiled data which well serve to *aid* us in forming such a conception, but Dr. Holm has gone farther in that he has so coordinated the data as to make the conception a necessary conclusion. It is greatly to be doubted whether a historian can present the history of a nation if he has not formed a distinct estimate of its character and made this estimate the basis of his work. If he has not done this, he may fail in that he gives what is merely the rearrangement or shifting of fact, conjecture, or inference which does not point to any definite conclusion. Dr. Holm's idea is very clearly worked out in his history. He regards the Greeks as an exceptionally high type of humanity, ani-

mated by the spirit of inquiry, which led them always to seek and sometimes to approach perfection. This idea has been presented to us in a form which is, as the author intended it, a "miniature reproduction" of the mass of material in the shape of myth, legend, tradition, and authentic narrative, and which gives us an adequate picture of the Greeks.

There are, as he tells us in his preface, certain νόμοι ἀγραφοὶ of historical criticism which require due regard. Among these he enumerates the following: In the first place, the investigation of original sources should not start with the reconstruction of lost authors, but with a study of the peculiarities of existing ones. Secondly, the common criterion of the author's point of view must be applied with care, and partizanship must be carefully looked out for. Lastly, etiological legends do not always or necessarily explain customs. The general coherence of the whole picture must be of more importance than correctness in the details, though the latter must in nowise be neglected. Therefore the details may in some instances be not quite correct, though contributing in no slight degree to the truth of the general outline.

The success or failure of such a work as the one before us will depend upon the author's point of view and upon the use he has made of the mass of facts and conjectures which he had to work upon. Dr. Holm's point of view has been already indicated, but, expressed more exactly, he regards the Greeks as possessing two marked characteristics: freedom of intellect and a unique sense of beauty. The first of these characteristics is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the attitude of the Greeks toward their religion. The Greeks were never priest-ridden. Among them the position of the priest was never a predominant one. Divine service and the conduct of life were two primarily distinct things. The Greeks were a moral and pious nation, but their morality and piety were due rather to their sense of "*τὸ καλόν*" than to any authority resident in the ministers of their religion. The State, rather than religious institutions, controlled their morality. As in religion, so in politics, free-

dom was a characteristic of the Greek nation. Even in their art this freedom had its effect, as manifested in their production of expressions of the beautiful untrammeled by the conventions of religious tradition and universal in their nature. To the above characteristics Dr. Holm adds another which he calls "*σωφροσύνη*" and translates into the phrase "soundness of intellect," which was simply a sense of the value of proportion, a sense which enabled the Greeks to bring their splendid talents to perfection. This, added to that striving after individuality which was the source of their love of freedom, made them work out their self-improvement as no nation has ever done.

True to his conception of what history should be, the author does not separate the intellectual and artistic from the political element. He aims to show and he does show how the development of civic freedom and the forward march in pursuit of the ideal went hand in hand, and how both declined at the same time.

He divides the history of Greece into four periods. The first of these, dealing with ethnographical and critical questions, goes down to the end of the sixth century B.C., and is concerned with the formation of the Greek race and the Greek character. This takes up the whole of the first of the four volumes. In this he establishes the Aryan origin of the Greeks, discusses the early myths and legends, and deals with the institutions of Sparta and Athens. His treatment of the much-mooted Homeric question and his discussion of the Delphic oracle are the striking features of this volume. In regard to the former, after giving the arguments of Wolf and Lachmann, he concludes that, while we shall never know whether Homer existed, who he was, or what he did or did not write, we shall be able to agree as to what is really Homeric in spirit. The note to the nineteenth chapter on the Delphic oracle is exceedingly valuable, not only as an interesting and able exposition of the character and influence of the Pythia, but also as showing how carefully and consistently the author has worked out his conception of the Greek people. He declines to accept the view of Curtius to

the effect that all progress in Greece from the ninth century was really due to the influence of Delphi. On the contrary, he shows that a real appreciation of the Greeks will reveal the fact that their great deeds "always proceeded from the minds of the best representatives of the nation," and must not be ascribed to a college of priests "who are supposed to be always dictating to and prompting the rest of the nation."

The second period includes the fifth century B.C., and opens with the Persian invasions on the one hand and the Carthaginian defeat on the other. The features of the volume dealing with this period which are deserving of especial note are the writer's estimate of the relative positions of Aristides and Themistocles, his conception of the aims of Pericles, and the pointing out of the lack of any marked difference of culture among rich and poor in Athens. He shows definitely how the two great victories brought Greece to its political and intellectual prime, and at the same time how the blossom contained the germ of decay. Therefore the second period contains both the culminating point of Greek development and the beginning of its decline. The treatment here is probably the best of the work, and the impression given the reader is newer and better than that afforded by any kindred work.

The third period opens with the supremacy of Sparta and closes with Macedonian predominance. The author regards Alexander as a genuine Greek himself, and considers him as the fulfiller of hopes long cherished by the best men in Greece. Alexander begins a new epoch, but he no less closes an old one. The historian who has recorded the expedition of Xerxes must relate that of Alexander as a fitting conclusion and complement, otherwise the drama is left without its fifth act. It is therefore a mistake to hold that the history of Greece ends with the battle of Chaeronea.

We come now, in his treatment of the fourth period, to that which differentiates this history of Greece from all others. Greek liberty did not cease with the battle of Chaeronea, because, while Greece lost her position in the politics of the world, she still retained some of her internal independence.

The geographical boundaries of Greece vary at different intervals, but wherever Greek life goes on there is the scene of Greek history, though it may deal with Egypt, with the Crimea, or with Gaul. This last period, often called the Hellenistic period, embraces the spread of Hellenism among great peoples of foreign origin. More and more the Greeks have become the playthings of Macedonia; the western colonies have held their own against Carthage, but have finally submitted to Rome. For the first time the whole course of Greek life and thought down to the battle of Actium is presented and described. The author justly contends that the larger compass of time and space is necessary to a proper estimate of the character of the Greek world, which alone makes any history of the Greeks of value. We are given new light upon the relations between Rome and the Greeks, and are made to realize that no history of Greece can properly end without this.

This closes the most remarkable record of the Greeks written since the time of Grote, and one which may well rank with Grote's account in its accuracy of detail and soundness of reasoning. The history of the most wonderful political and intellectual growth which the world has ever seen has been wonderfully well told. The interest of the narrative is absorbing, the march of events in the mighty drama has been ably portrayed, and we feel as we close the last volume that the work is a contribution to literature which will always prove of lasting value. The history marks a decided advance in point of view, in method of treatment, and in arrangement. Some points have been treated too briefly; but this is due to the limited space allotted to the whole work, and we cannot but hope that the author may yet see fit to enlarge the present work and so make it, what it might easily be if we are to judge from what he has already done, by far the most adequate account of Greek history.

W. H. MACKELLAR.

THREE NOVELS.

Under the title "The Great Seven—The Greater Nine," which the author, Mr. John H. Flood, Jr., tells us is "a story for the people," we have a rather interesting and remarkable prophecy of what will be the condition of the people of the United States in the year 1920. In his forecasting of the future the author has not been able to take account of the possible influence upon it of the present difficulty with Spain, for the book came from the press of the W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago, some time before our present foreign entanglement had become so serious.

As a natural outcome of the system of monopolies and trusts, by the year 1920 the poor have become poorer, while the rich have attained such a condition of riches as the mind of even a nineteenth century millionaire cannot comprehend. A skilled mechanic can earn at best thirty cents a day, whereas the poorest of the "Great Seven" confesses to twenty-five hundred millions of dollars, and another of this powerful band to four thousand millions.

We say "powerful," for these "Great Seven" own and control railways, telegraphs, telephone and electric light lines, electric roads, pneumatic freight tubes, hundreds of steam and air ships, gold-mines, hundreds of thousands of acres of landed estates, whole towns, and considerable portions of great cities. They have dictated the financial policy of our country, and, indeed, that of Europe. They control the President, the Cabinet, Congress, and the Supreme Court. They move the world. And we find them meeting together "to practically decide the future of the whole human race."

But to these seven men two others are added, two who had been "leaders in the last great struggle for liberty," who had failed hitherto to move the seven hard-hearted oppressors of the poor to deeds of justice and mercy, but who have finally prevailed, and we find the "Greater Nine" now resolved to restore our country to a condition of sweetness and light, and to replace the yoke of Mammon with that of Jesus Christ. This they accomplish by a political revolution, placing in office men in sympathy with them,

and we put down the book feeling that the millennium has come indeed.

Mr. Flood has made an effort to open the eyes of his countrymen to the evils of our economic system by giving them a vivid and wonderfully imaginative political romance. He believes in the power of Christianity. It is an earnest effort with a noble purpose, and the book is far more deserving of a place on our shelves than many of the widely sold romances that abound in disgusting pictures of fraud and domestic infidelity.

We wish the author had been more considerate of the dignity of one of his characters, and had not spoken of him as *Rev. Holston*.

It is always with pleasure that we take up a novel bearing the Macmillan imprint, and "The Celebrity" and "The Pride of Jennico" are not exceptions. The moment our eye lights upon them, as they lie upon the counters of the book-shop, we wish to explore them, feeling sure that what lies within will not belie the promise of their attractive and inviting covers.

In "The Celebrity" Mr. Churchill gives us a pleasing story which turns upon a case of transferred identity, interspersed with many incidents which serve to give a rather rapid movement to the plot, and which keep the reader interested throughout.

At the outset we find ourselves in the office of a young Eastern lawyer who has settled "in an active and thriving town near one of the great lakes." We are introduced in turn to a highly educated forester, to a nouveau riche, upon whose lands the forester finds opportunity to exercise his skill, to a young lady spending the summer at the hotel of the place, and finally to "the Celebrity" whose fame is derived from the popularity of his stories, dealing "mainly with the affairs of aristocratic young men and aristocratic young women." "The Celebrity," we are told, "ran after women with the same readiness and helplessness that a dog will chase chickens, or that a stream will run down-hill," and so we are not surprised to find him carrying on a serious flirtation with the

young woman at the summer hotel, and later transferring his attentions to the niece of the newly rich man. For a time fate smiles upon him, and so does his newly found attraction. He enjoys the luxurious country place of the uncle for whom he is able to provide a much-desired position in the social scheme of the place. The uncle, whose knowledge of the social game is somewhat limited, allows "the Celebrity" to engineer him through all its sinuosities, providing, meanwhile, the sinews of war, and finally taking him off on his yacht for a trip on the lake.

Now, "the Celebrity," has been masquerading behind another man's name, in order to escape the annoyances imposed upon him because of his fame as a novelist, for, he complains: "Wherever I go I am hounded to death by the people who have read my books, and they want to dine and wine me for the sake of showing me off at their houses."

On the yacht he is confounded by a newspaper account of an embezzlement. The embezzler's name, by a singular mischance, is the one that he has assumed. His host reads the paper first, and points out the item to "the Celebrity," who then attempts to establish his identity by calling upon the lawyer, also on the yacht, who knew him in the East, and who, though having recognized him at the outset, now punishes him by refusing to come to the rescue. How the party finally agree to assist the supposed criminal to get over the border to Canada, being chased across the lake by the sheriff, and how the several young men and young women found their several affinities, we must leave the reader to discover for himself.

We find that the author allows his hero to *reminisce* on the subject of his experiences, and are again made aware "that the world do move."

The space allowed the reviewer will not permit him to recount his impressions of "The Pride of Jenico," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, which bristles with stirring incident. How it appealed to him can be best appreciated, perhaps, from his saying that he began it at eight o'clock one evening hoping to read himself to sleep, but instead read himself so wide

awake that five o'clock the next morning found him reading the closing pages, and wishing to write to the authors to send him on immediately "another of the same."

WYNDHAM'S "POEMS OF SHAKSPERE."

THE POEMS OF SHAKSPERE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by George Wyndham. 8vo, pp. cxlvii, 343. New York and Boston; T. Y. Crowell & Company, 1898.

This handsome volume represents much scholarly and valuable work. The Sonnets of Shakspere have, of course, been gaining in reputation and in the affection of readers for the last fifty years, but the narrative poems of Shakspere have been overshadowed by the dramas, and even in the case of the Sonnets esthetic considerations have frequently been forced to yield to the interests of biography and historical criticism. Mr. Wyndham's volume has the rare merit of insisting upon the beauty and importance of the "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece" and of treating the Sonnets as poems of imperishable beauty rather than as documents for the solution of perennial mysteries connected with "Mr. W. H." and the "Dark Lady."

We have read the Introduction with great interest and the Notes with scarcely less. Perhaps a more experienced critic might have arranged his matter to better advantage, but it would be mere hypercriticism to fail to acknowledge the excellence of Mr. Wyndham's treatment of his fascinating subject, taken as a whole. We could wish that he had stressed more the parallel with Michelangelo's sonnets and that he had transferred to the Introduction some of the important points he makes in the Notes as to the identity of "Mr. W. H.," the "Dark Lady," and the "Rival Poets;" but we repeat that these are trifling matters.

It is impossible to enter here upon a minute examination of this admirable book, but we may say that we think Mr. Wyndham's conservative attitude toward the speculations of other critics and editors is amply justified. He seems to us to overthrow Mr. Sidney Lee's recent arguments in favor of Southampton as the dedicatee of the Sonnets, and

he is by no means blind to the difficulties that lie in the way of the complete acceptance of Mrs. Mary Fitton as the fickle brunette who caused Shakspere so much pain. Whether his contention that Drayton was Shakspere's chief rival will hold is a matter of doubt, but it is certainly ingenious. His arguments with regard to the dates to be assigned to the Sonnets seem to us to be exceptionally strong, and we are altogether greatly impressed by the sanity and thoroughness of the scholarship visible on every page. We feel that we are, therefore, doing a service to the public when we recommend Mr. Wyndham's work most cordially, for it brings out effectively the marvelous beauty of poems which have been too long eclipsed by the glorious dramas of their author.

NOTES.

MUCH restlessness and a sense of wrong have characterized the attitude of the wage-earning class for generations toward the common law view of the employers' liability, which indeed is quite unsuited to our present industrial conditions. It is therefore most natural that both in England and America the results of experiments made in countries more immediately under the influence of the Roman law should receive careful study and eager attention. To this our political and economic journals bear witness, as well as the annual reports of the Commissioner of Labor; but there is perhaps no book where the information may be so readily found, or is brought down more fully to the latest attainable results than in William F. Willoughby's "*Workingmen's Insurance.*" (Crowell, \$1.75.) Mr. Willoughby is himself a member of the Department of Labor, and has studied the subject of which he treats as an official investigator in repeated visits to the Continent. He takes up methodically the provisions for insurance against sickness, accident, and invalidism in the various countries of Europe, both compulsory and voluntary; discusses their advantages and drawbacks, and how far they might be made applicable to our own conditions. It is a book to be read with pleasure and profit, and to be kept at hand for frequent reference by all who are directly or indirectly concerned (and who is not?) in the welfare of the larger part of the population of every civilized state.

Miss Yetta Blaze de Bury calls her "*French Literature of To-Day*" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50) "*A Study of the Principal Romancers and Essayists.*" These in her opinion are twelve, among them the critics Brunetière, Lemaître, and France, and the novelists Loti, Maupassant, and Zola. The other six have less place under this title. Goncourt's importance as a romancer belongs to the prece-

ding generation; Bourget's transitory notoriety has passed away, and his work has been relegated to the subordinate place that was always its due; Vogüé is a person who has had repute thrust on him, being insignificant whether as a translator, romancer, or essayist; as one reads here of Charcot, one cannot repress a wondering question how the noted, nervous specialist ever strayed into this company; and as for the last two writers discussed by Miss Blaze de Bury, Madame Blanc and Paul Verlaine, the former is insignificant and the latter is neither a novelist nor an essayist. It is just possible, also, that the author takes herself too seriously when she calls these papers "a study." They are popular chats, obviously written for magazine-readers, uncritical and inconsistent with one another, but very clever and likely to increase an intelligent interest in French literature among us.

We have received from the Macmillan Company Numbers 6 and 7 of the "Cornell Studies in Classical Philology"—viz., Mr. Herbert Charles Elmer's "Studies in Latin Moods and Tenses" and Mr. William Scott Ferguson's "The Athenian Secretaries." Both volumes are very scholarly, as is also Dr. Theodore Clarke Smith's "The Liberty and Free Soil Parties" which forms Volume VI. of the "Harvard Historical Studies" (Longmans, Green & Co.), a series which is growing in interest and importance.

We have on our table a reissue of Prof. Goldwin Smith's "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence" and a collection under the title "The Meaning of Education" of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's admirable educational papers and addresses, both books bearing the imprint of the Macmillans. Dr. Butler's book seems to us to be the most important pedagogical work of the year.

We note the appearance of "Told in the Coffee-House," interesting Turkish tales selected by Cyrus Adler and Allan

Ramsay (Macmillan); of "Congressional Committees" by Lauros G. McConachie, being Volume XV. of Crowell's "Library of Economics and Politics;" of "Ars et Vita," a delightful volume of stories by Mr. T. R. Sullivan (Scribner's); of the "Gospel of Freedom," a novel by Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago (Macmillan); of "The General Manager's Story," an exceedingly interesting volume of railroad sketches by Herbert E. Hamblen (Macmillan); of the "Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," by J. W. Nicholson, of the Louisiana State University (Macmillan); and of the authorized translation of Zola's "Paris" (Macmillan), a novel which, with all its faults, seems to us to be the most powerful piece of fiction that has been produced for many years.

We take pleasure in printing the following letter from Mr. Lionel Horton-Smith, the well-known English scholar, with regard to certain regrettable mistakes made in our notice of his valuable pamphlet entitled "The Oscan Word 'Anasaket.' "

To the Editor of the SEWANEE REVIEW.

Dear Sir: May I venture to ask leave to correct one or two slips which occurred in your most kindly and favorable notice of my pamphlet on "Anasaket," in your issue of January, 1898 (Vol. VI., No. I., p. 125)? The material passage, as amended, should run as follows (the necessary alterations being marked by *italics*): "'Anasaket' [one of four words constituting an inscription], which is found on a bronze helmet belonging to the *Bruttiorum Ager*, and now preserved in the 'Antikenkabinet' at Vienna, is Oscan, and has been the source of much discussion among scholars of the Italic dialects. . . . Mr. Horton-Smith proposes the ingenious suggestion that this troublesome word is an attempt of the *Bruttian-Oscans* (*i. e.*, the *Oscans of the Bruttiorum Ager*) to transliterate the Greek word *ἀνέθηκε*, so often found in votive inscriptions. The Oscan people of this district, coming into close contact with the Greeks in the Laconian settlements, were naturally influenced by their method of pronunciation, in which, as is well known, σ was frequently substituted for θ ."

Thus (1) instead of "*Bruttiorum Ager*" is to be read "*Bruttiorum Ager*"; and (2) instead of "*the Oscan people of Aqua-Fensernum-Veseris*" (the latter being itself a printer's mistake for "*Hyria-Fensernum-Veseris*," for which see "Anasaket" page 43, note 3, and the map opposite to page 44) is to be read "*the Bruttian-Oscans* (*i. e.*, the *Oscans of the Bruttiorum Ager*)."

May I, in conclusion, take this opportunity of thanking you for the cour-

tesy and kindness with which you have accorded me in the pages of your admirable REVIEW a notice, not only of "Anasaket" but also of the earlier "Ars Tragica Sophoclea," etc., and for the most kindly and encouraging manner, in which (in your January issue) you have referred to my philosophical and literary efforts generally.

Alas that the inner consciousness should perforse impel one, albeit with regret, to add: "Tenui Musam meditamus avena."

Believe me, dear sir, yours most obligedly, LIONEL HORTON-SMITH.

53 Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, London, W., England, March 2, 1898.

Students of Southern history will be glad to learn that the large mass of Calhoun letters belonging to Clemson College, S. C., has been placed for publication in the hands of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association. The editing will be of the simplest description, the main object being to put important historical material in the hands of every student. The commission is especially desirous to obtain other letters or papers of Mr. Calhoun, and any information as to their whereabouts will be gratefully received. Address the Chairman of the Commission, Prof. J. F. Jameson, 196 Bowen Street, Providence, R. I.